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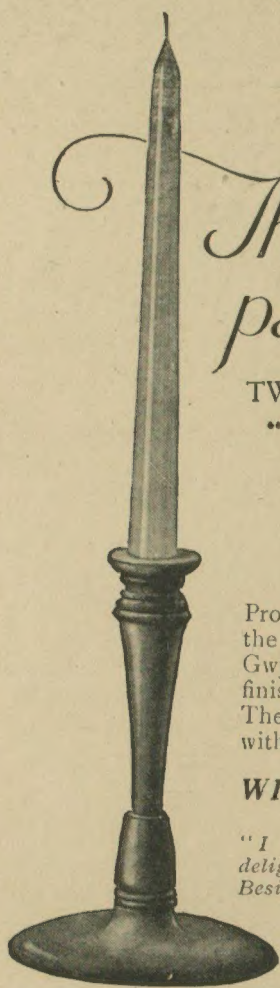
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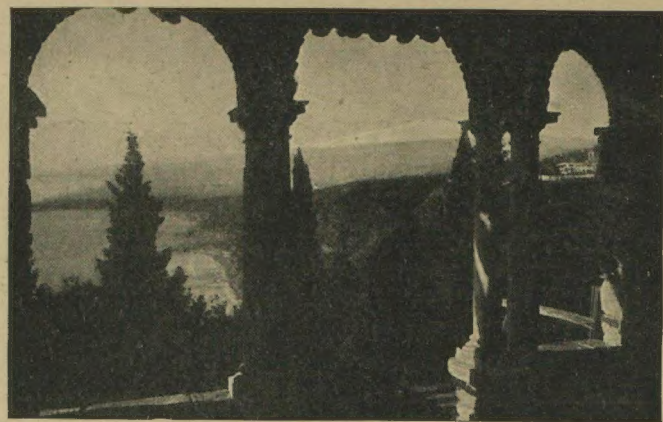
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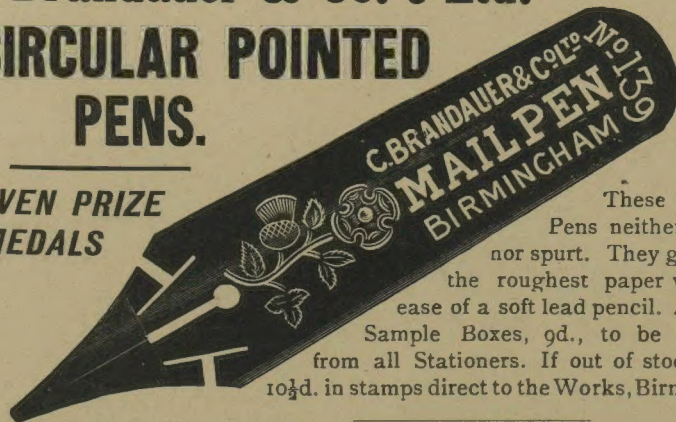


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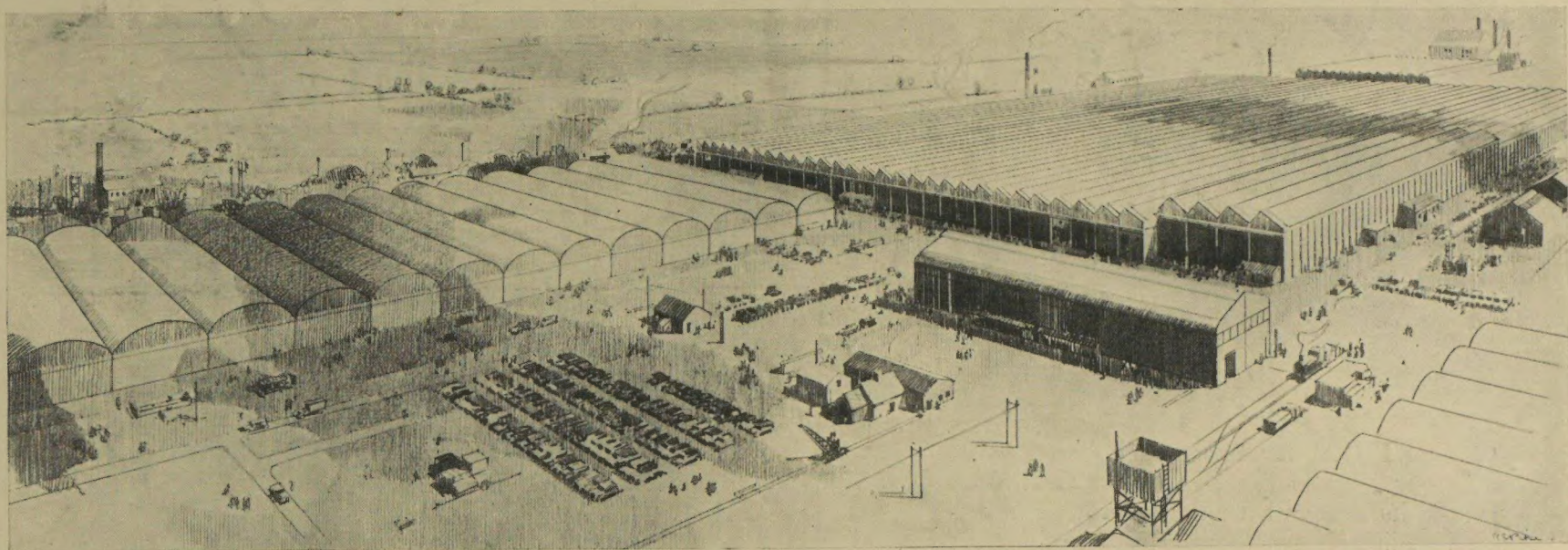
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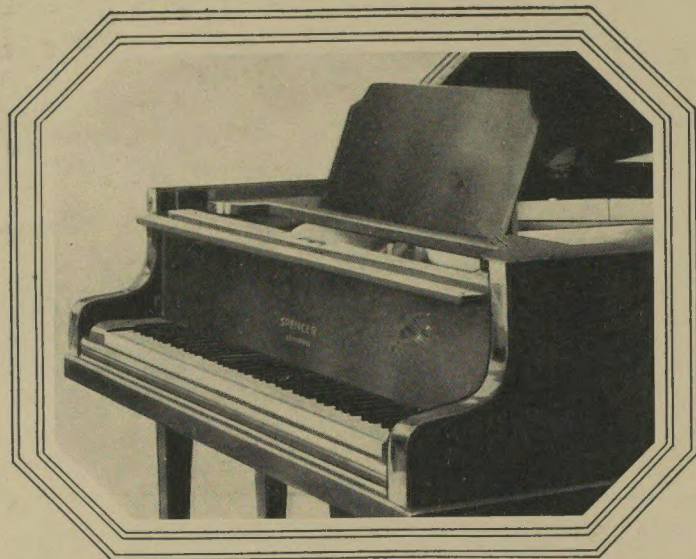
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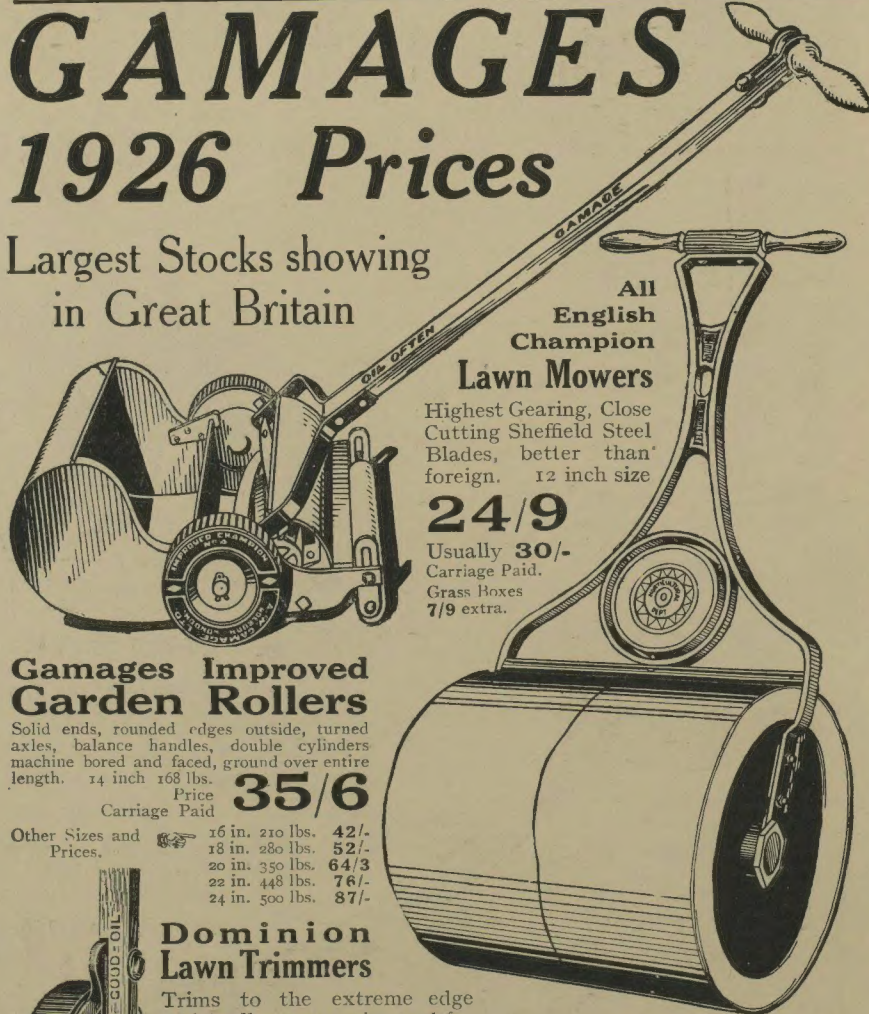
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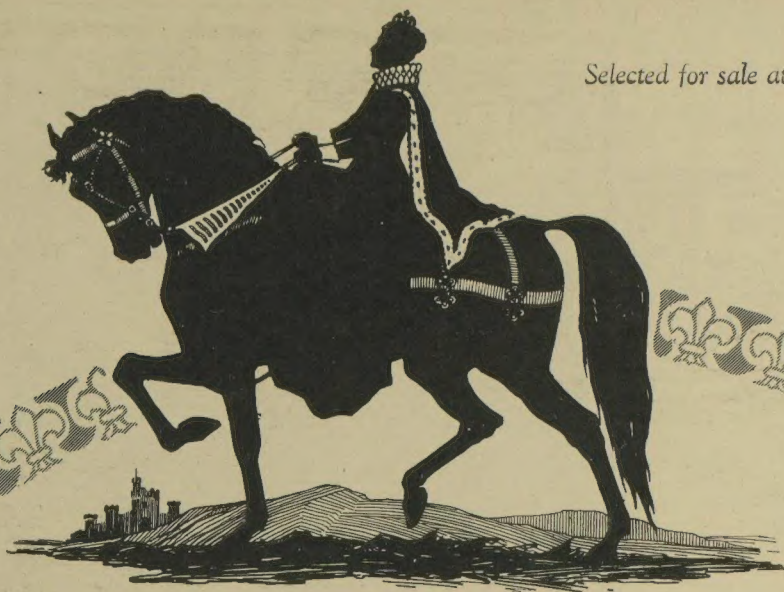
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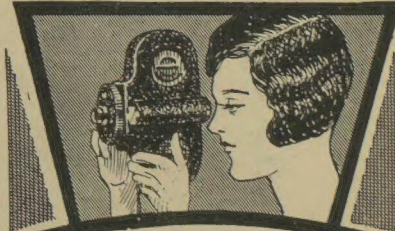
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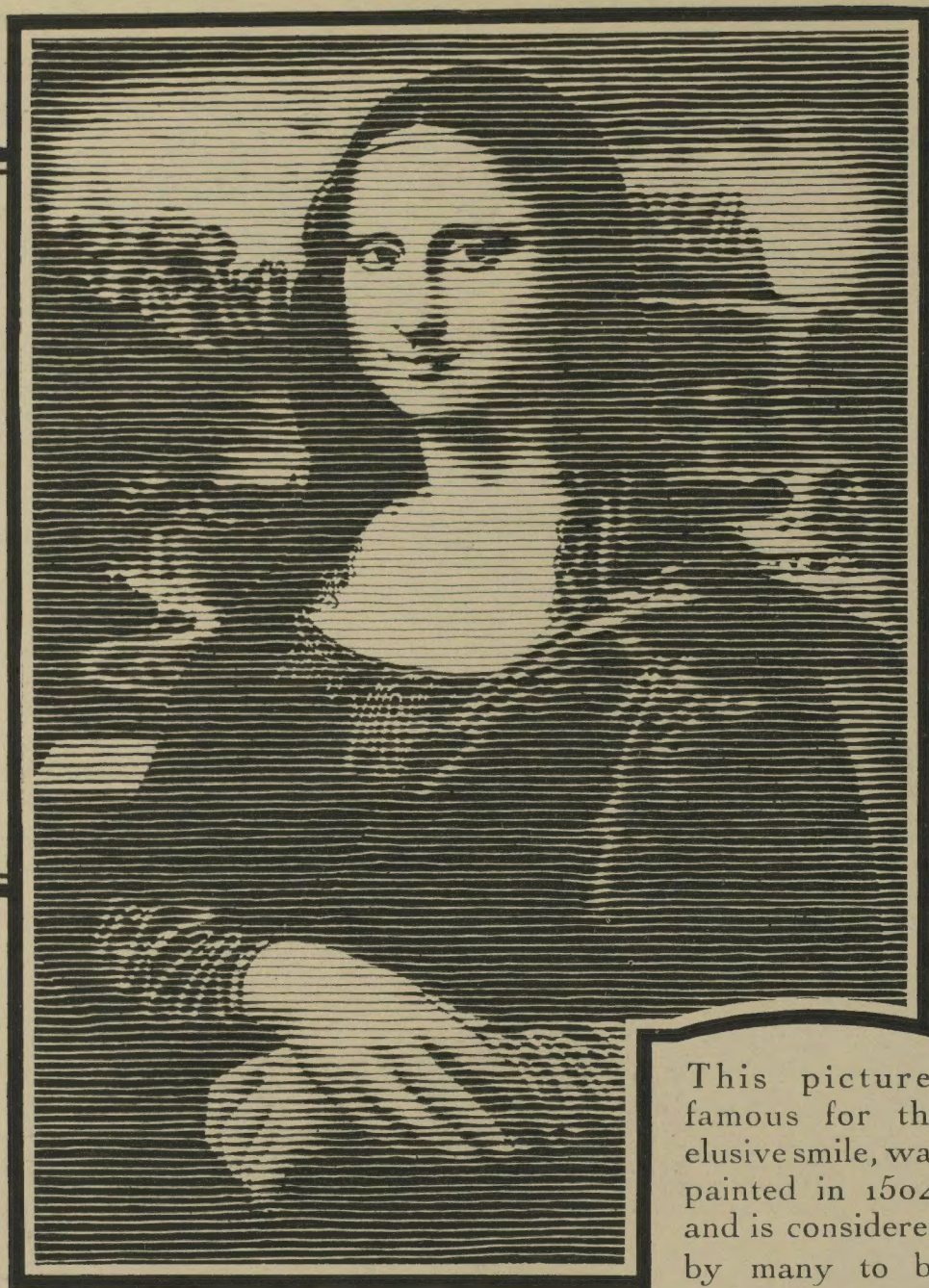
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No. I

"MONA LISA"

By Leonardo da Vinci
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This picture, famous for the elusive smile, was painted in 1504, and is considered by many to be the great painter's masterpiece. Stolen from the Louvre in 1911, it was recovered later.



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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1926.

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BACK IN THE SADDLE AGAIN AFTER RECOVERY FROM HIS RECENT ACCIDENT: OUR INDEFATIGABLE SPORTING PRINCE.

It was only on January 28 last that the Prince of Wales was thrown while hunting with Fernie's pack in Leicestershire, and broke his collar-bone. He made a good recovery, however, and has lost no time in getting back into the saddle, as the above photograph shows. It was taken on Saturday,

February 27, while he was out for a run with the Household Brigade Drag Hunt, near Virginia Water. He is seen just after having taken a fence. There was a big field, and the Prince enjoyed a good day's sport. On March 1 he attended a parade of the Welsh Guards at Chelsea Barracks.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE been intensely interested in the last novel of Mr. H. G. Wells, "Christina Alberta's Father," which certainly proves that his right hand has not lost its cunning, even if he has for a moment forgotten his Jerusalem—which, needless to say, is the New Jerusalem. The title is significant, for in a sense it is concerned with one of his old characters in a new relation. The hero (or victim) is one of those types that Mr. Wells has described so often and so admirably, the little bothered, bewildered, well-meaning man of the lower middle classes, going bald with the worry of the world. In this story he loses not only his hair, but his wits; and no wonder. The explanation, I repeat, is in the title. He is Christina Alberta's Father.

Christina Alberta is described with sympathy; and some critics have even accepted her as being described with enthusiasm. She is supposed to be that type of the highly modern girl who is credited by her admirers with unlimited courage and by her critics with unlimited selfishness. I will put aside both those considerations for the moment, and consider a quality which both generations would probably accept as a test—the quality called generosity. Of course, I do not think, any more than Mr. Wells thinks, that all modern girls, or most modern girls, or even many modern girls, are exactly like Christina Alberta. The world is not quite so rotten as all that. But Mr. Wells has taken a real social type which is also a real symbol. It represents a tendency to insist on certain social tests and not other tests. And I think it is ready to be judged, and even demands to be judged, by the test of generosity. And it seems to me that it is especially in this quality of generosity that it fails.

Christina Alberta is very generous in giving away what she ought to guard; but she is very careful to keep what it would really be generous to give away. She will give herself away (as the saying is), and do it in more than a metaphorical sense. She will do it not even for the satisfaction of emotion, but admittedly of mere curiosity. But she will not do it for the establishment of any social relation that involves any social responsibility. She wishes to remain independent, which seems to mean eating the dinner and then indignantly refusing to pay the bill. Whether or no this be a true definition of independence, it does not seem to me a good definition of generosity. On the contrary, it seems to me to be taking a rather despicable advantage. The dinner has disappeared irrevocably inside the diner. It cannot be recovered at law; it cannot be extracted even by torture. The innkeeper cannot cut open the guest with a carving-knife and take back the Christmas pudding. To refuse the responsibilities that follow on having once consumed your Christmas pudding seems to me a course not particularly courageous, but rather cowardly; and all the more completely and conspicuously cowardly if it is bound to be successful.

In exactly the same way, the revolt of a young person like Christina Alberta strikes me as intrinsically mean. To begin with, the whole attitude of such people to such parents is mean. I refer to that particular attitude which is currently called independence, and might be more correctly called indifference. It is true that Christina as an individual has a real if rather patronising affection for her father as an individual. But I am talking of the type and the theory, and its relation to the older generation. This general attitude does not strike me as generous,

or even a fault arising from generosity. The young person has had her pudding; she has irrevocably eaten her dinner. She has had from infancy all that her parents and many other friends could give. She cannot give back exactly what she has received, and it is left to her whether she will give back anything. She cannot reverse the wheel of time and unwind the coil of dependence; she cannot become again a newborn baby or a babe unborn. She cannot pay her parents back in dolls'-houses and perambulators, in spelling-books or skipping-ropes. The dinner has been digested; it has all passed beyond recall into the

But what interests me in this social type, so far as it exists, is that its defenders always declare that it is at least generous; and that is exactly what it is not. Much that used to be demanded as justice has been left to generosity; but it has not (from Christina Alberta) had the benefit of generosity. And the case is the same not only with Christina Alberta's father, but with Christina Alberta's lover or Christina Alberta's husband—if there ever was any such unfortunate fellow. She was candid, in the sense in which the worst sort of male blackguard was candid when he boasted of his own bad behaviour. She was

good-humoured, until she began to get tired of being spoilt. But she did not know what generosity means, in the sense of risking something for a feeling larger than her own life. She wishes to keep her lover as a lover, because she can demand everything of him; she wishes not to have him as a husband because that would demand something of her; and she is so stupendously stupid that she actually explains all this about herself as if it were something very creditable. How far Mr. Wells realises how mean is the moral type he describes, how far his marvellous shrewdness is blinded by his own weakness for innovation, I do not know. But anyhow Mr. Wells as a novelist is something so much greater than Mr. Wells as a theorist that the character in his novel is an answer to a great many of his theories. But in truth, I suppose, we may say of this story, as of so many of Mr. Wells's stories, that it ends with a note of interrogation. Nobody ever stated the modern problem more admirably than he does; but I cannot help feeling that he is less and less able to solve it. Indeed, as time goes on, he solves it much worse because he sees it much better. And the last conversation in this particular book seems, if I may put it so harshly, to bring all this pointlessness to a point.

Christina Alberta repudiates all the vague cosmic consolations offered by her friends in a speech in which she passionately exclaims, "I want and I want and I want." The form of the sentence is very significant. For, however emphatic the sentence may be, it is evident that she cannot finish it. She does not know what she wants; she only wants and wants and wants it. She cannot find an accusative for her verb, to say nothing of a form for her vision. Now the curious note of the epoch and of the novel is this: that this cry of Christina comes *after* she has satisfied what most of these pagan people are supposed to want, both in the higher and the lower form of love. With that cry departs for ever, so to speak, the old implication in many of the author's works that what we really want is fresher emotions under freer conventions. She either wants nothing at all and is not worth worrying

about, or she wants something that is not to be found along that pagan path, but rather along a steeper road and in an opposite direction. Ben Jonson said, at one inspired inconsequent moment, almost with the wine-cup in his hand, the great and significant word: "The thirst that in the soul doth rise doth ask a drink divine." And perhaps even poor Christina Alberta had an instantaneous glimpse of what it meant, after having smashed so many wine-glasses (like a clumsy housemaid) in order to get there. There are implications in that idea that go far beyond this article or this novel or this world. But even as regards this world and this novel, the inference seems to be in favour of some method of education other than that which produced Christina Alberta. I have enjoyed Mr. Wells's book very much; but I do not think it was only Christina Alberta's father who was the lunatic.



ROYAL INTEREST IN INTERNATIONAL "RUGGER": THE KING SHAKING HANDS WITH THE FRENCH TEAM BEFORE THEIR MATCH AGAINST ENGLAND AT TWICKENHAM.

The King was present on the occasion of the "Rugger" match between France and England, which took place at Twickenham on February 27, and, as usual, shook hands with the teams before the game. The match, which was watched by 40,000 people, resulted in a victory for England, the score being 11 points to nil. An incident of the play is illustrated on the opposite page.—[Photo. Sport and General.]

substance of her soul and body. Whether she gives anything in return is a question, in the most definite sense, of a debt of honour. And it is precisely the notion of a debt of honour to which, as it seems to me, the young person like Christina Alberta cannot rise. She knows she must pay for her new bicycle, or the policeman will take it away; and even, incidentally, take her away. She knows she must pay for a cocktail in order to get a cocktail. But it does not seem to occur to her that there is any general obligation to pay for the things she has had already, by any decent degree of respect or consideration. It is true that a debt of honour is generally associated with a gambling debt, for reasons that are obvious enough to honourable people. And surely a debt of honour is due to the poor old lunatic who had had the courage to gamble in Christina Alberta.

A CROWDED DAY OF "RUGGER": TWO INTERNATIONAL MATCHES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



IRELAND'S LAST-MINUTE VICTORY OVER SCOTLAND AT MURRAYFIELD: AN INCIDENT OF THE GAME—AN IRISHMAN (LEFT) DRIBBLING THE BALL.



AN IRISHMAN (ON THE GROUND WITH THE BALL) WELL TACKLED BY A SCOT WHO "TOOK HIM LOW": FORWARDS GATHERING ROUND



IRELAND'S THIRD VICTORY THIS SEASON: A STRUGGLE ON THE GOAL LINE—A TYPICAL INCIDENT OF AN EVEN AND VIGOROUSLY CONTESTED MATCH.



"RUGGER" ATTITUDES—A CURIOUS PHOTOGRAPHIC EFFECT: THE BALL OVER THE TOUCH-LINE AND IRISH AND SCOTTISH PLAYERS BEGINNING TO LINE-OUT.



ENGLAND'S VICTORY OVER FRANCE AT TWICKENHAM IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING: SOME GOOD FOOTWORK BY THE ENGLISH FORWARDS (IN WHITE JERSEYS), AND DETERMINED TACKLING BY FRENCHMEN OF AN ENGLISH PLAYER, WHO "HANDS OFF" AN AGGRESSOR WITH MUCH ENERGY.

Two international "Rugger" matches were played on Saturday, February 27—Ireland v. Scotland, at Murrayfield, Edinburgh, and England v. France at Twickenham. Ireland beat Scotland by one try (3 points) to nothing, after an even and well-fought struggle, the try being obtained in the last minute of the game. Time was called after the place-kick had failed to convert it into a goal. This was Scotland's first defeat on the new home ground and Ireland's third successive victory this season, the other two being over France and England.

Ireland still has to meet Wales at Swansea. The match between England and France at Twickenham resulted in a win for England by 1 goal and 2 tries (11 points) to nothing. The King was present, and shook hands with the teams before the match (see illustration on the opposite page). There were 40,000 spectators. It was England's first victory this season, the home team having been beaten by Ireland and drawn with Wales. France had previously been beaten by Scotland and Ireland.

"Birds Out of the Nest Before They be Flidge."

"HOME LIFE UNDER THE STUARTS." By ELIZABETH GODFREY.*

IN "Home Life Under the Stuarts" three phases are accented: "the nearness of the cradle to the coffin"; the prevalence of the parent-ridden, mercenary, boy-and-girl marriage; and the almost unswerving obedience to authority. The well-arranged weddings and the bowings of the head were, no doubt, consequent upon the shortness of the mortal span. Forcing was the custom: everything had to be early; as we should say now, before season. Else there were no time for the tender plant to blossom and bear fruit before it died.

"Severity had always been the rule in Tudor nurseries, and was only beginning to relax a little, thanks chiefly to the example in royal households. King James was a very affectionate father—almost too much so, since he carried on his petting and fondling and little foolish names till 'Baby Charles' was a man grown and about to seek a wife. Charles himself, dignified and reserved as he was, was very tender to his children, and not too grave to romp and play with them. Discipline was certainly less harsh as time went on than in the beginning of the century, when little Elizabeth Tanfield, the heiress, who at fifteen years old was married to the first Lord Falkland, was kept in strict order by her mother, and always spoke to her upon her knees."

Jack Verney, aged ten, wrote that he would study his books and take pains with his guitar, and never spend his money in "frute" nor gunpowder, nor play with naughty street boys, nor stand about at the fair when the sun is hot, nor eat cherries, nor ever disoblige the best of fathers." By then, indeed, such staidness would be expected, "for a boy usually proceeded from school to the university at sixteen at the latest, often as early as twelve. John Evelyn records in his diary, 'I was not initiated into any rudiments until I was four years of age,' as though that were considered quite late to begin." As to Evelyn's prodigy son: "at two yeares and a halfe old he could perfectly reade any of the English, Latine, French or Gottic letters, pronouncing the three first languages exactly. He had before his fifth yeare, or in that yeare, not only skill to read most written hands, but to decline all the nouns, conjugate the verbs regular and most of the irregular; learn'd out *Puerilis*, got by heart almost the entire vocabularie of Latine and French primitives and words, could make congruous syntax, turne English into Latine and *vice-versa*, construe and prove what he read, and did the government and use of relatives, verbs, substantives, ellipses, and many figures and tropes, and made considerable progress in Comenius's *Janua*; began himself to write legibly, and had a strong passion for Greeke"—with much more at which to wonder! Is it surprising that he died in his cradle, aged five, and that "they found that he was what is vulgarly called 'liver-growne'?"

Tuition of such or kindred sort was followed by the public school, often under the watchful eye of a "governor for manners"; and then by the University. Few hours were wasted. The youngster usually went up when he was from fourteen to sixteen, but on occasion he would be but twelve. "'Many fathers,' to quote from Mr. Peacham (in *The Compleat Gentleman*), 'take them from school too early, as birds out of the nest before they be flidge; . . . these young things of twelve or thirteen have no more care than to expect the carrier, and where to sup Fridaies or fasting-nights.'" Hampers designed to supplement the normal "essence" were, indeed, welcomed—for "'biskates,' 'meath,' turkey pie; or if the careful mother hears of a cold, lickorish water, or for ague, 'orampotably,' which was "aurum potable, described in 1708 as 'gold made liquid . . . or some rich Cordial Liquor, with pieces of Leaf-gold in it.'"

Then, if possible, came the Grand Tour, that journeying in search of sights of which Kenelm Digby said to his mother, when it was proposed to wed him to his Venetia: "As long as the weakness of our estate obligeth you not to sell me to repair

that, I beseech you give me leave to look a little while about me, and to please myself awhile with flying abroad before I be put into the mewe."

Meanwhile, there was scholarship on the distaff side. "It is a popular delusion that giving women a sound classical education is an invention of our own day. . . . Amongst the Puritans, it is true, an idea that learning was a waste of time for a woman was just beginning to suggest itself. Ralph Verney strongly deprecated too learned an education for his god-daughter, Dr. Denton's little Nancy. He writes to his uncle: 'Let not your girl learn Latin, nor

some, which they did at so high a rate that by the time she was married, which was when she was fifteen, they had run her into debt to the extent of a hundred pounds."

So the marriage of convenience, in times when the début was made at twelve!

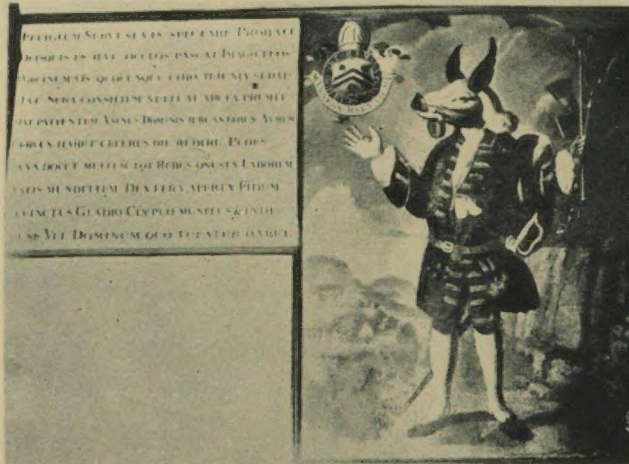
"It was exceptional for marriage to take place absolutely in the nursery, as in the case of little Lady Mary Villiers, not only wife, but widow, before she was nine years old; but it was quite a common thing for a child to be married at thirteen. In that case she was usually given a year or two of education before she lived with her husband, and he, if only about fifteen or sixteen, often went to Oxford after his marriage, or travelled abroad. . . . The large family of the Earl of Cork afforded many instances of these very early marriages. . . . His eldest daughter, Alice, was married to Lord Barrymore when she was thirteen; the second, Sarah, was only twelve when she was contracted to Sir Thomas Moore—indeed, the negotiations were begun when she was but eight. Being left a widow at fourteen, she was quickly remarried to one of the Digby family." While, of the boys, Francis was wed at sixteen, his father commending him to his future mother-in-law, Lady Stafford, "as a silken thread to be wrought into what sample you please, either flowers or weed, and to be knotted or untied as God shall be pleased to put it into your noble heart."

Doubtless, the able "working" of parents accounts for the "arranged" marriages being at least as successful as those in which the contracting parties had freedom. For that the greater number of the weddings turned out well is evident. There were love and respect on both sides and desire for duty. The man was the master of the family, but by no means necessarily a martinet; the woman was mistress of the home, and ruled it with a firm hand directed by a practical brain. To the housewife, indeed, fell most of the domestic detail, and right well she handled it—from the care of her children to that of her servants, even to the imperious cook of the type given a

"character" by Mr. James Howell in the letter headed "To my noble Lady, the Lady Cot.: Madam—You spoke to me for a cook who had seen the world abroad, and I think the bearer hereof will fit your Ladyship's turn. He can marinate fish and gellies; he is excellent for a pickant sauce, and the raugou: besides, Madam, he is passing good for an ollia. He will tell your Ladyship, that the reverend matron the olla podrida hath intellectuals and senses; mutton, beef, and bacon, are to her, as the will, understanding, and memory are to the soul. Cabbage, turnips, archicochs, potatoes, and dates, are her five senses, and pepper the common sense: she must have marrow to keep life in her, and some birds to make her light; by all means she must go adorned with chains of saucages. He is also good at larding of meat after the mode of France. Madam, you may make proof of him, and if your Ladyship find him too saucy or wasteful, you may return him from whence you had him. So, I rest, Madam,—Your Ladyship's most humble servitor, J. H.—Westminster, June 2, 1630."

Well she had to handle it in those days of "evil communications," those days innocent of preservatives and canning and bottling! Even were she a Puritan wearing texts upon her clothes and embroidering "religious petticoats," she had to have much worldly knowledge. How else could she sew and supervise, see that the "friperies" were filled with suitable garments, watch over the kitchen and the garden, contrive "sallets" and cordials, doctor her household, and be sure that the five gallons of honey and forty gallons of small ale of Sir Thomas Gower's Methglin, were "perfectly incorporated" by stirring with "a clean arm"? Early training has its merits!

Of such is "Home Life Under the Stuarts"; and enough has been quoted to indicate the excellence of the whole and prove that it should be read: it should have a vogue. E. H. G.

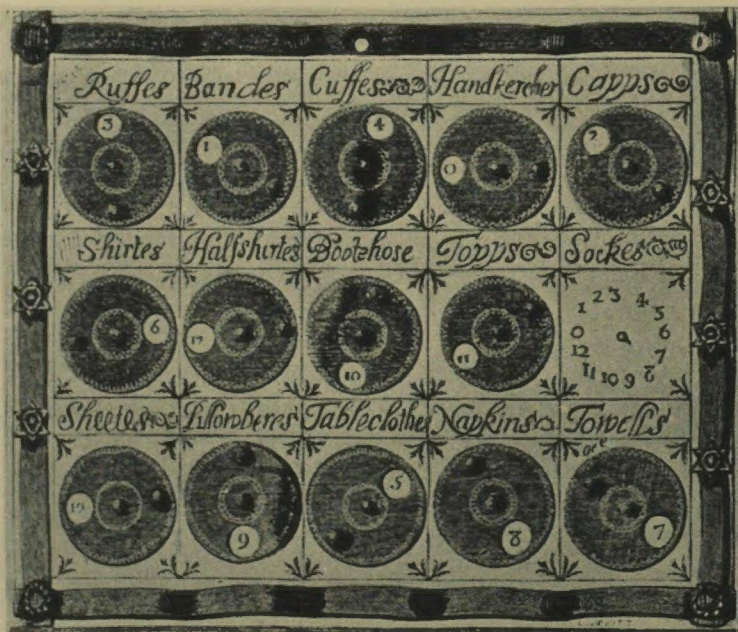


THE IDEAL OF OUR FOREFATHERS: "THE TRUSTY SERVANT"—THE FAMOUS PAINTING ON THE WALL OF THE KITCHEN AT WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

The rendering in English of the Latin inscription is as follows: "A trusty Servant's portrait would you see, This emblematic figure well survey. The porker's snout—not nice in diet shows: The padlock shut—no secrets he'll disclose: Patient the ass—his master's wrath will bear: Swift in errand the stag's feet declare: Loaded his left hand—apt to labour saith: The vest—his neatness: open hand—his faith: Girt with his sword, his shield upon his arm, Himself and master he'll protect from harm."

Photograph by W. T. Green, Winchester; Reproduced from "Home Life Under the Stuarts," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Stanley Paul, Ltd.

Short-hand: the difficulty of the first may keep her from that vice, for soe I must esteem it in a woeman; but the easinesse of the other may be a prejudice



A STUART HOME'S LAUNDRY "BOOK": A WASHING TALLY IN HORN FROM HADDON HALL.

"The names of the various articles, as sheets, pillow-beres, kerchiefs, smocks, etc., are written against circles in which, by turning a button, the numbers could be made to appear."

Photograph by Permission of the Duke of Rutland; Reproduced from "Home Life Under the Stuarts."

to her; for the pride of taking sermon noates hath made multitudes of woemen most unfortunate."

But he was in the minority. Mrs. Lucy Apsley has recalled her proficiency in memorising sermons when she was four, and the fact that at seven she had eight tutors; while the Elizabeth Tanfield already mentioned, "became passionately fond of reading, and being forbidden candles in her room by her mother, she bribed the servants to supply her with

AT HOME AND ABROAD: DISASTERS OLD AND NEW; A DEMOLITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., SWIATOWID, TOPICAL, AND MOLINARI AND ZACHARY.



WHERE THE OWNER (MR. RICHARD WHYTE) AND HIS SON WHOM HE TRIED TO SAVE WERE BURNED TO DEATH: DRUMSPILLAN HOUSE, AYRSHIRE, AFTER THE FIRE



PULLED DOWN BY THE POLES AS A SYMBOL OF FORMER RUSSIAN OPPRESSION: THE OLD ORTHODOX CATHEDRAL AT WARSAW IN COURSE OF DEMOLITION.



AN ECHO OF A TRAGIC WAR EVENT: SALVING THE MONITOR "GLATTON," SUNK IN DOVER HARBOUR, AFTER SHE HAD CAUGHT FIRE, TO PREVENT AN EXPLOSION THAT WOULD HAVE CAUSED A FAR GREATER DISASTER.



BEFORE THE FIRE AT THE CAIRO EXHIBITION: THE EGYPTIAN MINISTRY OF EDUCATION PAVILION, COPIED FROM THE TEMPLE OF KARNAK.



THE EIFFEL TOWER AIR TRAGEDY: LIEUTENANT COLLOT FLYING THROUGH THE ARCH, JUST BEFORE HIS MACHINE CAUGHT A WIRELESS AERIAL AND CRASHED.

Drumspillan House, the residence of Mr. Richard Whyte, at Pinwherry, Ayrshire, was destroyed by fire early on February 25. Mr. Whyte saved one of his twin sons, aged nine, by lowering him from an upper window, but he himself and the other boy were entrapped and burnt to death.—The Orthodox cathedral at Warsaw, built by the Russians when they were in occupation of Poland, has been demolished by the Poles.—The hulk of the monitor "Glatton" in Dover Harbour was recently brought closer to the shore and raised above the water. The "Glatton" caught fire in September 1918, just before she was due to leave to bombard Ostend. Many of her crew were killed by an explosion, and to prevent a greater disaster (as she was full of cordite) she was sunk by torpedoes. There was no one then left alive on board.—The Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition at Cairo was partly destroyed by fire within a week of the date fixed for its opening by King Fuad.—In Paris on February 14, Lieut. Collot flew through the arch of the Eiffel Tower, for film purposes, but his machine caught a wireless aerial and crashed. It took fire, and he was burnt to death.



DURING THE FIRE AT THE AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION IN CAIRO: THE PAVILION OF THE EDUCATION MINISTRY IN FLAMES.



LIEUTENANT COLLOT'S MACHINE IN FLAMES AFTER THE CRASH AT THE EIFFEL TOWER: POLICE AND SPECTATORS MAKING VAIN EFFORTS TO EXTRICATE THE PILOT.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



"THE BIRDS OF THE RIVIERA."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

EVERY year thousands of our countrymen migrate to the Riviera. Some go in obedience to social usage, some to escape the terrors and discomforts of our winter months. And among these last are many who carry with them their love for the countryside

and its birds; yet they have no guide to tell them what to expect, or what should specially be looked for during their sojourn there. That guide has now been furnished in Mr. Collingwood Ingram's "Birds of the Riviera" (Witherby and Co.), which exhaustively surveys the avifauna of the Côte d'Azur from the Estrel Mountains to the Italian frontier. Among British ornithologists Mr. Ingram holds an honoured place, for he commands a very extensive first-hand knowledge of our native birds. To him we owe the



A DWELLER IN MOUNTAIN FORESTS: THE CRESTED TIT OF THE RIVIERA.

"Although usually encountered at fairly high elevations," writes Mr. Collingwood Ingram, "the Crested Tit possibly breeds also in some of the lower woodlands within sight of the Mediterranean. I found it on the eastern side of Mont Agel in November 1905, and saw a number in the cork woods of the Maures Hills on March 23, 1912."

Drawn from Life by Collingwood Ingram.

discovery that the Irish coal titmouse was specifically distinct from our British species, as well as the fruit of a large amount of original research in regard to nestling birds. But this, it may be urged, is scarcely a qualification for writing a book about the birds of the Riviera. Quite so. This work, however, is not a compilation, but the result of an intensive study extending over twenty years, wherein the whole of the territory included in this most fascinating book has been repeatedly surveyed. It includes an account not only of the resident species, but also of the spring and autumn "birds of passage" and the rare and accidental visitors. One may say, I think, without fear of contradiction, that no one more competent could have been found to write about the birds of this enchanted land.

Everybody having any knowledge of birds who goes to the Riviera hopes to see the wall-creeper before he returns, but does not always succeed. And this because, as Mr. Ingram remarks, it is "one of the many gems of Nature that are to be found only upon the loftiest mountain ranges. In summer it probably does not descend below 6000 or 7000 feet . . . and may be encountered in the Swiss Alps, among the snows and glaciers, nearly 10,000 feet above sea-level. There is not a more lovely bird than this lonely cliff-haunter, and the first time one sees it in life is a rare and precious experience that one is not likely to forget. For not only is it a comparatively rare species, but its home generally lies in some remote and echoing glen, whose beetling crags are altogether beyond the reach of even the most enthusiastic ornithologist. It moves among these rocks in the manner of its small arboreal namesake, climbing, now under an overhanging rock, now up on the vertical face of the cliff. All the while it will shuffle its wings in a peculiar and characteristic way, giving the observer a flashing glimpse of its gaudy crimson shoulders." The hall-mark of this wonderful bird is, as the author points out, the crimson patch on the wings, contrasting so harmoniously with its grey back. But he adds yet another noteworthy feature—the possession of an immense hind-claw, which probably plays an important part in cliff-climbing.

What gives this bird so great an interest in our eyes is, to begin with, the fact that, though not generally realised, it is actually a "British" bird, since it has been taken in England no fewer than seven times; and, finally, its remarkable unlikeness to our homely little tree-creeper. Our bird, soberly clad, has pointed, spiny tail-feathers, like a woodpecker's, and a relatively inconspicuous hind-claw. The wall-creeper has soft tail-feathers and an immense hind-claw. Does this take the place of spiny tail-feathers when climbing? Another bird which on rare occasions has strayed to our shores is the Scops-owl. In the Riviera we may see it at home, and, when the shadows fall, listen to its strange cry. The best time for this music, we are told, is on a hot midsummer's night, when a full moon is flooding the olive-clad hills with a bright, silvery light, and the fireflies are flashing in the shadows. It is then that its soft-toned whistle seems so entirely in keeping with its surroundings; the cry strikes the ear with a sharp, resonant twang, as of a small, silver bell—muffled, yet extraordinarily penetrating, and it will carry far through the still night air.

It is hard to remember all that has been written on the theme of the courtship of birds, hence I may be wrong in believing that Mr. Ingram is the first to describe the "love display" of the little bustard, a bird which has increased in numbers in the region of the Riviera, and one, by the way, which is also a "British" bird, though but a rare visitant. The pages of this book contain a vivid description of this "display," which differs completely from that of its larger relative, the great bustard. It is accompanied, we are told, by a most peculiar call, likened to the rattle of a horse's nostrils when heard snorting in the distance. Every time this call is uttered the head is thrown upwards and backwards, as though

the bird were throwing something backwards over its shoulders. And this movement is associated with strange antics, wherein the bird jumps up and stamps the ground with its feet, then rising in the air and indulging in an aerial display, wherein the wings are much depressed, after the fashion of a duck when about to alight. During this time the head is carried in an almost erect position. And while in mid-air the wings produce a curious whistling sound, apparently through the agency of the fourth primary, which is deeply notched. Similar sounds, it may be remembered, are produced by other birds wherein the wing feathers are also notched after a special fashion.

Some curious varieties of the red-legged partridge are mentioned here, and incidentally a good story is



NOW SCARCE IN THE RIVIERA: THE GOSHAWK.

"The Goshawk is now a scarce bird in the Riviera district, and it is only occasionally met with in the late autumn and winter months."—[From a Painting by G. E. Lodge.]

Illustrations reproduced from "The Birds of the Riviera," by Collingwood Ingram, Member of the British Ornithologists' Union, and of the Société Ornithologique de France. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. H. F. and G. Witherby.

told illustrating the difference between the French and English ideals of "sportsmanship." "I remember . . . some years ago, walking with a Niçois sportsman . . . when he suddenly stopped and plucked at my arm. 'Look,' said he, in an awed whisper, 'look at that partridge seated on a stone! What a grand opportunity if only we had a gun! Usually—Brrr!—they fly before one can shoot.'"

And again, in regard to the quail, which on their migration first reach the French shores of the Mediterranean about the middle of April, in vast hordes, and then, tired from their journey, will drop down on the first bit of dry ground they come to:—"Realising this, the local *chasseurs*—and more especially those of the Italian Riviera—turn out in force, and assiduously hunt every yard of the coast. It certainly borders on the ridiculous to see one of these local sportsmen, armed to the teeth, and accompanied by a pointer, carefully quartering a small patch of carnations or a tiny terrace of rose-bushes! For those who will take the trouble to watch, vultures may be seen here; and a pilgrimage to the Camargue will enable one to see, in the lagoons, great flocks of that remarkable bird, the flamingo, as well as many another species that one cannot see here in our homeland save by the merest accident.

Enough now has surely been said to show that Mr. Ingram's book is not merely a highly entertaining volume, but indispensable to those who annually spend many weeks or months in this gracious retreat. Muttering Browning's lines, "Oh, to be in England now that April's there," they commonly stay in France; but they can now, at any rate, spend that time with more profit and more enjoyment if they set out with a copy of "The Birds of the Riviera," which, by the way, is most beautifully illustrated by the author, who is no mean artist, as well as by plates by such famous artists as Thorburn, Lodge, and Seaby. The very beautiful frontispiece is from a painting by Robert.



"MUCH SHIER THAN IN ENGLAND": RIVIERA HOUSE SPARROWS.

"Although much shier than in England, these Riviera sparrows are, nevertheless, always found in the vicinity of human habitations."

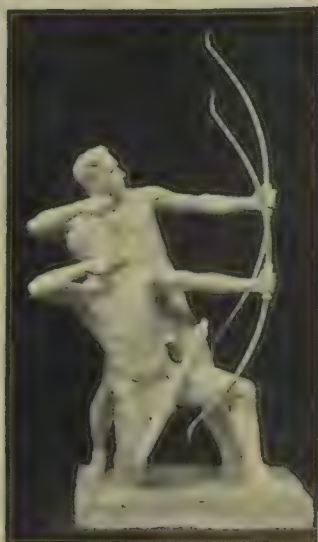
From a Painting by L. P. Robert.

SHOWN AT THE ACADEMY: WORK FOR THE ROME SCHOLARSHIPS.

By COURTESY OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ROME.



AWARDED THE ROME SCHOLARSHIP IN DECORATIVE PAINTING, 1925: "CHRISTIAN AND HOPEFUL ARRIVE BEFORE THE CELESTIAL CITY," BY EDWARD I. HALLIDAY—(LEFT) THE WHOLE CARTOON; (RIGHT) PART IN COLOUR.



SUBMITTED FOR THE SCULPTURE COMPETITION: "SPORT," BY EVA D. ALLAN.



SUBMITTED FOR THE SCULPTURE COMPETITION: "SPORT," BY ERNEST WEBB.



AWARDED THE ROME SCHOLARSHIP FOR 1925 IN SCULPTURE: "SPORT," BY EMILE JACOT.



SUBMITTED FOR DECORATIVE PAINTING: "THE FORTUNE TELLER," BY MURIEL JACKSON.



SUBMITTED FOR THE SCULPTURE COMPETITION: "SPORT," BY ARCHIBALD B. INGRAM

It was arranged to open the School of Rome Exhibition at the Royal Academy on March 5, the above works being on view there. The winner of the Rome Scholarship in Decorative Painting for 1925 is Mr. Edward I. Halliday, a student of the Liverpool City School of Art and of the Royal College of Art. His subject was a scene from Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"—"Christian and Hopeful arrive before the Celestial City." The competitors had to submit a cartoon in black and white, part of the design in colour on a larger scale, and a small painting

in colour of the whole design. Among the other finalists was Miss Muriel Jackson, a student of the Central School of Arts and Crafts, whose subject was "The Fortune Teller." The 1925 Rome Scholarship for Sculpture, the subject for which was "Sport," was awarded to M. Emile Jacot, a student of the Slade School. Other competitors were Miss Eva D. Allan, a student of the Westminster School of Art and the Royal Academy Schools, and two students of the Nottingham Municipal School of Art, Mr. Archibald B. Ingram and Mr. Ernest Webb.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

HOW often, in discussing books, does one use that indefinable word, "interest," and how curious it is that one person may be "interested" and another not! That capacity to "take an interest" in things seen, heard, or learnt—a mixture of sympathy and curiosity—is a quality to be cultivated, for it can enlarge indefinitely the mental enjoyment of life. It must be genuine, and not artificial, like that of the journalist, who, as was said the other day by one who knows, is expected to become impassioned on any subject at a moment's notice. Even a journalist, however, may insensibly acquire something of the virtue he assumes. I remember a time, before I became involved in journalism, when I disregarded many things which the necessity of describing has since made attractive.

Thus I arrive at Mr. Arnold Bennett's new book, "THINGS THAT HAVE INTERESTED ME," Third Series (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d. net). He ranges from Spain and the Riviera to religion, advice on reading, and the future of the novel. He even tries to stimulate interest in journalism, as Wordsworth did in primroses, and regrets that, to the average observer—

A journalist by Thames's brim
A yellow journalist was to him,
And it was nothing more.

Theatrical matters, also, are among the "things that have interested" Mr. Bennett, and I wonder what he would say of a rebellious little book called "DANCE DRAMA: EXPERIMENTS IN THE ART OF THE THEATRE," by Terence Gray. Illustrated in Line and Colour (Cambridge; Heffer; 5s. net). The book is in two parts, the first expository, and the second containing original dance-dramas by the author. Mr. Gray would first revolutionise the construction of theatres, somewhere beyond the reach of L.C.C. regulations, which he considers electric lighting has rendered obsolete. He scorns the traditional "three hours' traffic" of the stage, as an aid to post-prandial digestion, and would institute all-day dramatic festivals, to include dance-drama, without words, on the lines of "Sumurun" and "L'Enfant Prodigue." He appears to think that imaginative plays about mythical beings are the only form of "serious drama," and that dancing is the natural expression of deep emotion when words fail. I doubt it.

Modernity in art and letters is the connecting-link with "LONDON'S LATIN QUARTER," by Kenneth Hare; Illustrated in Colour and Black and White by Dorothea St. John George (The Bodley Head; 15s. net). The author begins by pointing out that London has no Latin Quarter, topographically speaking; in other words, his Bohemia is not on the map, but in the mind. Thus he avoids any possible controversy among rival districts, remembering, perhaps, that "seven cities strove for Homer's birth." Yet there is a certain element of locality, for he has a good deal to say of Chelsea and St. John's Wood, and of certain rendezvous in clubs and cabarets. For the rest, it is loosely strung and rather haphazard gossip about artists and writers, sometimes entertaining and sometimes rather thin. Many of the illustrations, notably the portraits, are quite pleasing, but the club and cabaret scenes hardly suggest wild hilarity.

The atmosphere of a pre-war London Bohemia pervaded by the artistic temperament is far more subtly and vividly conveyed in "THE FLURRIED YEARS," by Violet Hunt; with sixteen Illustrations (Hurst and Blackett; 15s. net). Conrad, Henry James, and W. H. Hudson are the chief among many literary folk of whom Miss Hunt has lively memories. Her book is well titled, for there is an element of flurry, both in style and the experiences related; it is full of hints and veiled allusions and half-suppressed revelations. She assumes—too confidently, I think, despite her fame as a writer—that "people know" certain facts of her career which she does not make explicit, and without a knowledge of which the intimacies of the book are not wholly intelligible. It "interests" me especially, since the name of a departed relative of my own, who was closely concerned in her affairs, is constantly cropping up, but still I lack the key to the puzzle. In reading it, I feel as though I were "listening-in" to a broadcast story of which I had missed the beginning.

A temperamental as well as a verbal contrast—or, shall I say antidote?—to "The Flurried Years" is afforded in "THE SUNLIT HOURS: A RECORD OF SPORT AND LIFE," by Theodore Andrea Cook. Illustrated. (Nisbet; 18s.

net.) The two books also provide a certain comparison in editors, for, while Miss Hunt portrays the first editor of the *English Review*, Sir Theodore Cook is himself the editor of the *Field*, and formerly edited the defunct *St. James's Gazette*. He has adopted the motto of the sundial, "Horas non numero nisi serenas," and the keynote of his book is serenity. This is the record of a great sportsman and a great journalist, rich in anecdote and kindly wisdom. As the Boat-race Day approaches once more, it is timely to recall that Sir Theodore was in the Oxford crew of 1889, and that, for him, rowing is the sport of sports.

Self-imposed serenity, due to dominance of will over physical weakness, characterised the soldier-traveller whose fine record is worthily enshrined in "PEKING TO LHASA"; the Narrative of Journeys in the Chinese Empire made by the late Brigadier-General George Pereira, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., compiled by Sir Francis Younghusband, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., from notes and diaries supplied by Major-General Sir Cecil Pereira, K.C.B., C.M.G. With maps and illustration (Constable; 18s. net). General Pereira's last great journey, through the mountains of western China on

The story of an American woman who in her day was very much of a tourist is one of four biographical works concerning famous women, which limitations of space compel me to treat more cavalierly than accords with my chivalrous inclination. I must frankly confess my inability to "become impassioned" about them all—in fact, I am not sure that I ought even to make the attempt: it might savour of intellectual polygamy! If I had to make a personal choice among the four, I think it would fall on a little volume of the Oxford Miscellany entitled "JANE TAYLOR: PROSE AND POETRY," with an introduction by F. V. Barry (Humphrey Milford; 3s. 6d. net), especially as she is the only one of the four who was not a married woman. Some years ago, when I was preparing a series of school poetry books for little people (who, I trust, did not suffer from them very acutely), I developed quite an affection for Jane's moral tales in verse, which included the original lines on a star parodied by Lewis Carroll as being "Like a tea-tray in the sky."

The other three volumes are "MRS. DELANY: AT COURT AND AMONG THE WITS," edited by R. Brimley Johnson (Stanley Paul; 16s. net); "MADAME DE STAEL: HER LIFE AS REVEALED IN HER WORK, 1766-1800," by David Glass Larg, M.A., translated from the French by Veronica Lucas (Routledge; 12s. 6d. net. New York; Alfred A. Knopf); and "ISABELLA STEWART GARDNER AND FENWAY COURT," by Morris Carter, with illustrations (Heinemann; 25s. net). The first of these three books has been arranged from "The Autobiography of Mrs. Delany, with Interesting Reminiscences of George III. and Queen Charlotte," edited by Lady Llanover, in six Vols., 1861-1862. Mrs. Delany, whose maiden name was Mary Granville, belonged to the family of the famous Sir Richard Grenville of the *Revenge*, a fact that reminds me of helping the late Canon Thynne, a scion of the same western house, with his novel about another and famous member of it, "Sir Bevil." Mrs. Delany was a friend and contemporary, among others, of Swift, Handel, the Duchess of Portland, and Mrs. Montagu, "Queen of the Blue-Stockings." In her later days George III. gave her a house at Windsor and a pension of £300 a year, "which Queen Charlotte brought to her every six months in a pocket-book that it might escape the tax-collector." I wish some similar arrangement could be made with regard to my salary!

The book on Mme. de Stael deals with her earlier life, and her career under the Empire will form a second volume. Briefly, the author has endeavoured to rescue her from her own works, which he describes as "the cold record of the morning after," lacking the electric flashes of her overnight conversation. "The morning after," he says, "has to be made the evening before." I think his effort to regalanise her personality has been quite successful.

Mrs. Isabella Gardner was the wife, and later the widow, of a wealthy American of Boston, and there she died on July 17, 1924. She was a Stewart, and claimed descent from Robert Bruce and Mary Queen of Scots. She was also a woman of wide knowledge, interested in the arts, and knowing personally many of their principal exponents. Two portraits of her by Sargent are among the illustrations. She spent her wealth in hospitality, travel, and the collection of art treasures, and she seems to have been a pioneer in the modern American practice of transplanting old buildings from Europe to the States. Fenway Court, which she and her husband built at Boston, and filled with famous pictures and other works of art, had been a Florentine palace. By her will she left it "as a museum for the education and enjoyment of the public for ever."

Among the principal treasures of Fenway Court is Titian's picture of "The Rape of Europa." The same legend provides an appropriate cover design (not by Titian) for a new and very welcome Year Book entitled "EUROPA 1926" (Europa Publishing Company and Routledge; 15s. net). Of this volume more anon, as well as of sundry other new books that shed light, from various angles, on the European scene, such as "THE INTIMATE PAPERS OF COLONEL HOUSE" (Ernest Benn; 42s. net); "THE BOLSHEVIK MYTH," by Alexander Berkman (Hutchinson; 18s. net); "A TURKISH KALEIDOSCOPE," by Clare Sheridan (Duckworth; 15s. net); and "THE COSTUMES OF EASTERN EUROPE," by Max Tilke (Ernest Benn; £5 5s. net). C. E. B.

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the borders of Tibet, and his death from an illness that seized him on the march, were described in this paper a few weeks ago in an article by his travelling companion, Dr. H. Gordon Thompson, who laid him to rest at Kanze in October 1923. General Pereira had kept his diaries regularly almost to the last. At the end of the book are some valuable papers which he wrote a few months before his death on the political condition of China, and it is noteworthy that, out of all the Chinese leaders, he speaks most highly of Wu Pei-fu. The book is illustrated by many excellent photographs.

Travel in a lighter vein is represented by "A TROPICAL TRAMP WITH THE TOURISTS," by Harry L. Foster, illustrated by the author's own photographs (The Bodley Head; 12s. 6d. net). It is not, as I at first supposed from the title, an account of a walking tour through the jungle, for the word "tramp" refers not to the journey, but to the author, whose previous work was called "The Adventures of a Tropical Tramp." In his new volume he relates in lively fashion the humours of shepherding American tourists in the bulk, as guide on board a liner making a trip from New York round South America. I can recommend this book as really amusing.

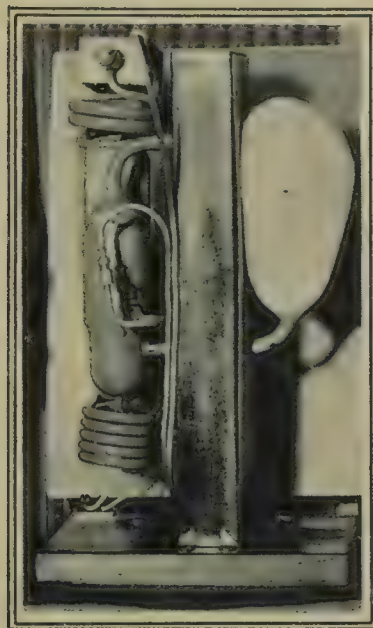
TOPICALITIES OF THE WEEK: NEW ITEMS OF POPULAR INTEREST.



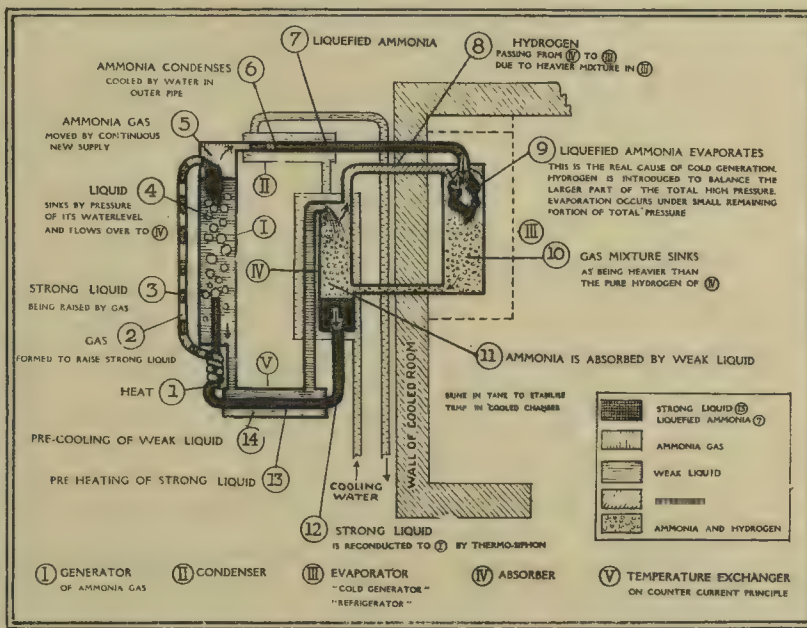
A "TUTANKHAMEN" TYPE OF BOAT IN A LONDON STREET: REHEARSING AN EGYPTIAN TABLEAU FOR THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL.



A FANCY-DRESS IDEA OF THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT: STUDENTS REHEARSING FOR THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL—A PROCESSION OF "PLAGUES" WITH EGYPTIAN ATTENDANTS.



PRODUCING COLD BY MEANS OF HEAT: THE ELECTROLUX REFRIGERATOR SHOWN AT THE SAVOY HOTEL.



SHOWING HOW BY APPLYING "A FLAME TO ONE END OF SOME COILS OF PIPE ICE IS PRODUCED AT THE OTHER END": DETAILS OF THE NEW ELECTROLUX REFRIGERATOR FOR DOMESTIC PURPOSES.



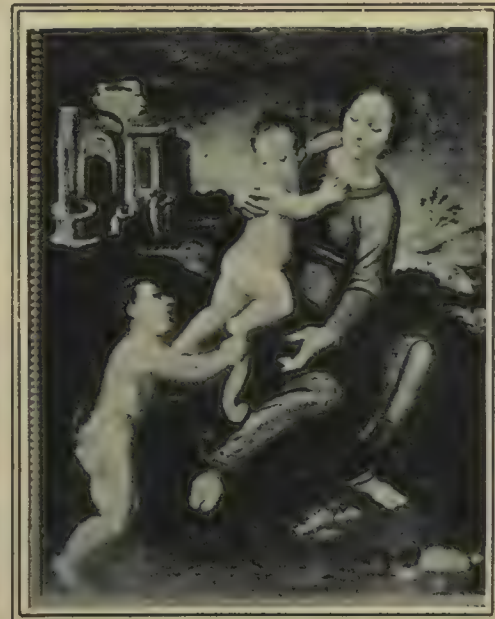
THE RESULT OF A REMARKABLE INVENTION: A CHEAP AND AUTOMATIC DOMESTIC REFRIGERATOR SUITABLE FOR EVERY HOME.



A PARIS DEVICE TO AVOID BUS OR TRAM SCRAMBLES: A PASSENGER TAKING A NUMBERED TICKET.



LONDON'S NEW COVERED MOTOR-BUSES: AN EXPERIMENTAL TYPE, OF WHICH IT IS REPORTED TWO HUNDRED ARE TO BE BUILT.



THE SUBJECT OF A £20,000 FIRE INSURANCE CLAIM: A "MADONNA" ASCRIBED TO RAPHAEL.

For the Chelsea Arts Ball, fixed for March 3 at the Albert Hall, an ancient Egyptian setting was designed by Mr. Frank Brangwyn and Mr. A. Blunt, with tableaux arranged by the Chelsea Art Students and other art schools. The Chelsea tableau represented the Plagues of Egypt modernised in the form of Bolshevism, the Dole, D.O.R.A., Stiggins, and so on. That of the Central School of Art showed the meeting of Antony and Cleopatra.—The Electrolux Refrigerator, a remarkable new invention for domestic use, cheap and easy to work, was demonstrated the other day at the Savoy Hotel. It consists of three processes—(1) Application of heat, by electricity or gas; (2) a cooling device; (3) production of extreme cold. The three separate vessels for these processes are called respectively the generator, the absorber, and the evaporator. The invention is based on the law

of partial pressures, discovered by Dalton over a century ago, but never before applied in this way. It has been made possible in a cheap and practical form by modern improvements in welding. The whole chemical process, by which heat at one end produces ice at the other, requires a longer explanation than is possible here.—The picture shown above (lower right) was bought for £25 by Sir Robert Thomas, Bt., M.P., as a supposed copy by Sir Joshua Reynolds of the Madonna del Pozzo (Lady of the Well) in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. On being cleaned it was ascribed to Raphael, valued at £20,000, and insured for that sum. Later it was burnt in a fire. The insurance claim was disputed, but was settled amicably out of court. The insurance company made no reflection on Sir Robert's good faith.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., TOPICAL, PHOTOPRESS, AND BARRATT]

UNVEILING THE PREHISTORIC CIVILISATION OF INDIA.

DISCOVERIES IN SIND, THE PUNJAB, AND BALUCHISTAN—CITIES OLDER THAN ABRAHAM.

By SIR JOHN MARSHALL, Kt., C.I.E., Litt.D., DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF ARCHÆOLOGY IN INDIA.

The following article is a continuation of that published in our last issue, where Sir John Marshall described "the first stages of unveiling an entirely unknown civilisation," some 5000 years old, and the wonderful discoveries already made, chiefly at Mohenjo-daro, in Sind, and also at Harappa, in the Punjab, and Nal in Baluchistan. The first part of the article, and the accompanying pages of illustrations, dealt with the remarkable building and drainage methods shown in the ruins excavated at Mohenjo-daro, and also with works of art, including a statue, jewels, implements, and pictographic seals. He now goes on to describe burial customs and pottery. Certain parts of the first article are here repeated, for the sake of clearness, or because they refer to some of the new illustrations in the present issue. The figure references correspond to numbers attached to photographs on this and the two succeeding pages.

LAST summer an expedition under Mr. H. Hargreaves was dispatched to Baluchistan in order to examine afresh certain mounds at a spot called Nal, in the Jhalawan District, from which, over twenty years ago, I secured some unique specimens of early painted pottery. The result of Mr. Hargreaves's expedition has been the discovery of a number of burials and other remains of the Chalcolithic age, closely related to what we are finding in the Indus Valley, and the recovery of a fine series of painted wares, copper and stone implements, and so on. . . . Preliminary excavations have been made at both Harappa and Mohenjo-daro: at the former by Mr. Daya Ram Sahni, at the latter by Mr. K. N. Dikshit; and the results obtained are full of interest and promise. . . . The usual method of disposing of the dead seems to have been by cremation, and Fig. 7 illustrates one of the large cremation-urns found in one of the houses—a wide-bodied jar in which a few fragments of bone were placed along with a number of medium-sized and miniature pottery vessels. Many examples of these cinerary urns have been found both at Mohenjo-daro and at Harappa, and at the latter site burial structures of brick like the modern Hindu Samādhi have also been found (Fig. 6). On the other hand, bones have been discovered in what appear to have been graves formed in the solid brick-work of the walls or beneath the threshold of doors. In the latter case it is tempting to see in these remains evidence of human sacrifice, the victim being intended to act as a guardian spirit of the house; but the evidence is too slender at present to be regarded as reliable. . . .

As already stated, the common practice at Mohenjo-daro and Harappa appears to have been to cremate the dead and place some fragments of the bones in a cinerary jar or a small brick structure. But at Nal, in Baluchistan, Mr. Hargreaves discovered a burial-ground of this same Chalcolithic age in which two different forms of burial are exhibited. In one the corpse was laid entire in a shallow grave of unburnt brick (Figs. 3 and 4); in the other the skull and a few of the bigger bones only were laid directly in the ground, along with numerous earthenware vases, copper implements, beads, grindstones, and other small objects (Fig. 5), the body having presumably been exposed to the vultures, and such of the bones as were left subsequently collected and buried. The painted earthenware vessels found in the latter class of graves (Figs. 8 to 14 on page 400) constitute a remarkably fine series, most of them being superior in fabric and design to the potteries found on the city sites, to which, however, they are closely akin.

The houses, temples, and antiquities unearthed by Mr. Sahni at Harappa are, for the most part, analogous to, though less well preserved than, those of Mohenjo-daro; but there is one vast structure of brick at Harappa which has no counterpart at the latter

site. It consists of two series of solidly-built brick walls, laid parallel to one another, with a broad aisle of 24 ft. down the centre. Up to the present, twenty of these parallel walls have been exhumed—namely, fourteen on the east of the central aisle and six on the west. They have a uniform length of nearly 52 ft., but differ in thickness. The stouter kind are 9 ft. thick at the base, and these are placed at regular intervals of 17 ft. So that, had it not been for the thinner walls intervening between them, it might reasonably have been inferred that they belonged to a series of long, narrow halls. As it is, the intervening walls

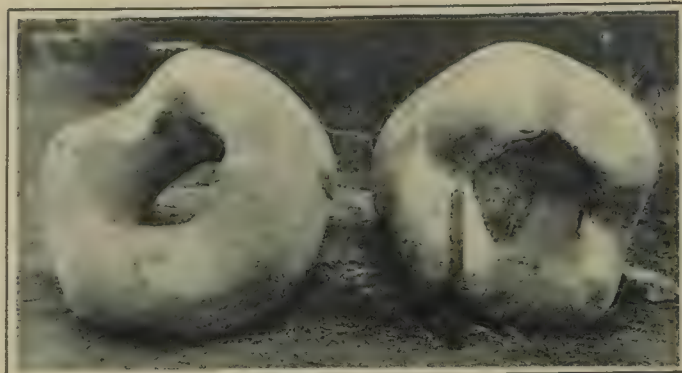


FIG. 1.—APPARENTLY OBJECTS OF WORSHIP: A PAIR OF POLISHED "RING-STONES" FOUND AT HARAPPA (WITH A FOOT-RULE INDICATING THEIR SIZE).

These two "ring-stones," found at Harappa, are of polished yellow stone from Jaisalmir. "Such ring-stones," writes Sir John Marshall, "appear to have been objects of worship, and vary in size from two inches to several feet in diameter."

leave no more than corridors between, the purpose of which it is difficult to surmise.

Though much damaged on the surface by the depredations of railway contractors and neighbouring villagers, who for generations past have quarried from it a never-ending supply of well-burnt brick, Harappa has an advantage over Mohenjo-daro in that its mounds

How long were the periods of time that elapsed here or at Mohenjo-daro between the destruction of each city and the erection of its successor, it is not possible to surmise; nor is it likely that we shall ever be able to form an accurate estimate, unless we are lucky enough to establish some definite synchronisms between India and Sumer, or some other country where more or less reliable chronological data are available. But no one who is familiar with the exploration of prehistoric sites can doubt that the vast remains which lie buried at Harappa and Mohenjo-daro represent the growth of thousands of years anterior to the date when the last of these Indo-Sumerian cities was built. That that date is to be placed in the third millennium B.C. appears more and more certain as the digging proceeds, the new finds showing ever closer affinities with the Sumerian antiquities of Mesopotamia; and this date, which was arrived at on the strength of internal evidence, has now been strikingly corroborated by the discovery, which Mr. Mackay has made at Kish in Mesopotamia, of one of our typical Indian seals of this period underneath the foundations of a building of the time of Hammurabi (circa 2100 B.C.).

Who the people were who evolved this age-old civilisation is one of the many problems which the spade has yet to solve. The most plausible view, however, is that they were the pre-Aryan (probably Dravidian) people of India, whose more developed civilisation was destroyed by the Nordic invasions of the third or second millennium B.C., just as the Ægean culture of Greece (which in many respects bears a strange resemblance to this Indo-Sumerian culture) was largely destroyed by the Achæan invaders. Should this prove to be correct, it may be expected that this prehistoric culture which is now being brought to light in the West of India will be found to have extended over a much larger part of the peninsula.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since writing the above, and before I have been able to post it, many new finds of great interest have been unearthed at Mohenjo-daro. Among them I select three for special notice. One is a small tablet of blue faience depicting a figure—probably a deity—seated cross-legged on a throne, and to the right and left of him a kneeling devotee with a snake (*Naga*) behind; while on the back of the tablet is an inscription in Indo-Sumerian pictographs. This tablet serves well to illustrate how instructive and illuminating a background this new-found prehistoric art of the Indus is likely to supply to the later art of historic India, and particularly to the Buddhist art of Barhut, Bodhi-Gaya, and Sanchi.

A second find of exceptional value is that of a silver vase containing a variety of gold jewellery and a number of square and round silver pieces—probably coins, one of which is inscribed with a few characters in the cuneiform script of Babylonia. Assuming that cuneiform was understood and used on the banks of the Indus, the likelihood of our unearthing other records in this script and discovering in them a key to the language of the people is obviously not an altogether remote one.

But the most striking find made in the last few days is that of two statues of bearded men, one carved out of alabaster, the other (illustrated on the front page of our issue of Feb. 27) of limestone, finished with a veneer of fine white paste, its eyes inlaid with shell, and the patterning on its robe picked out in red ochre. Both of these statues portray a

type of man as unlike the modern Sindhi as the ancient Sumerian was unlike the present-day inhabitant of Southern Mesopotamia—a type with low receding forehead, prominent nose, thick lips (the upper shaved) and narrow, oblique eyes. But whether these features were generally characteristic of the citizens of Mohenjo-daro, sufficient materials are not yet available for us to determine.



FIG. 2.—WITH FIGURES OF BULLS AND INSCRIPTIONS IN AN UNKNOWN PICTOGRAPHIC SCRIPT, WHICH THERE IS HOPE OF DECIPHERING BY COMPARISON WITH CUNEIFORM: PREHISTORIC ENGRAVED SEALS AND OTHER OBJECTS FOUND AT HARAPPA, IN THE PUNJAB, AKIN TO THOSE FROM MOHENJO-DARO, IN SIND

The above objects were found at Harappa, in the Montgomery district of the Punjab, some 400 miles away from Mohenjo-daro, in the Larkana district of Sind, from whence came the similar seals illustrated in our last issue. As Sir John Marshall mentions on this page, there has since been found at Mohenjo-daro a silver piece, probably a coin, bearing a few characters in Babylonian cuneiform. Hence there is hope of discovering a key to the unknown Indo-Sumerian pictographic script of the seal inscriptions.

Photographs by Courtesy of Sir John Marshall, C.I.E., Litt.D.

are much loftier and more extensive, while the sub-soil water has not risen so near the surface of the surrounding plains as at the other sites. This being so, it is probable that we shall be able to work back here to an even more remote age than at Mohenjo-daro, exposing one by one the successive cities—not less, seemingly, than ten—which have arisen on its site.

IN ANCIENT INDIA AS IN MODERN ENGLAND: ALTERNATIVE FORMS OF BURIAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF SIR JOHN MARSHALL, C.I.E., LITT.D.,
DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF ARCHAEOLOGY IN INDIA.

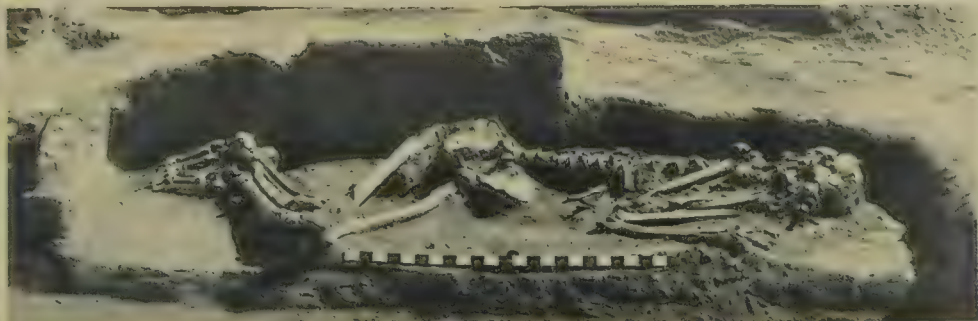


FIG. 3.—ONE FORM OF PREHISTORIC BURIAL DISCOVERED AT NAL: A COMPLETE SKELETON IN A SHALLOW GRAVE (A NEARER VIEW OF THAT IN FIG. 4).

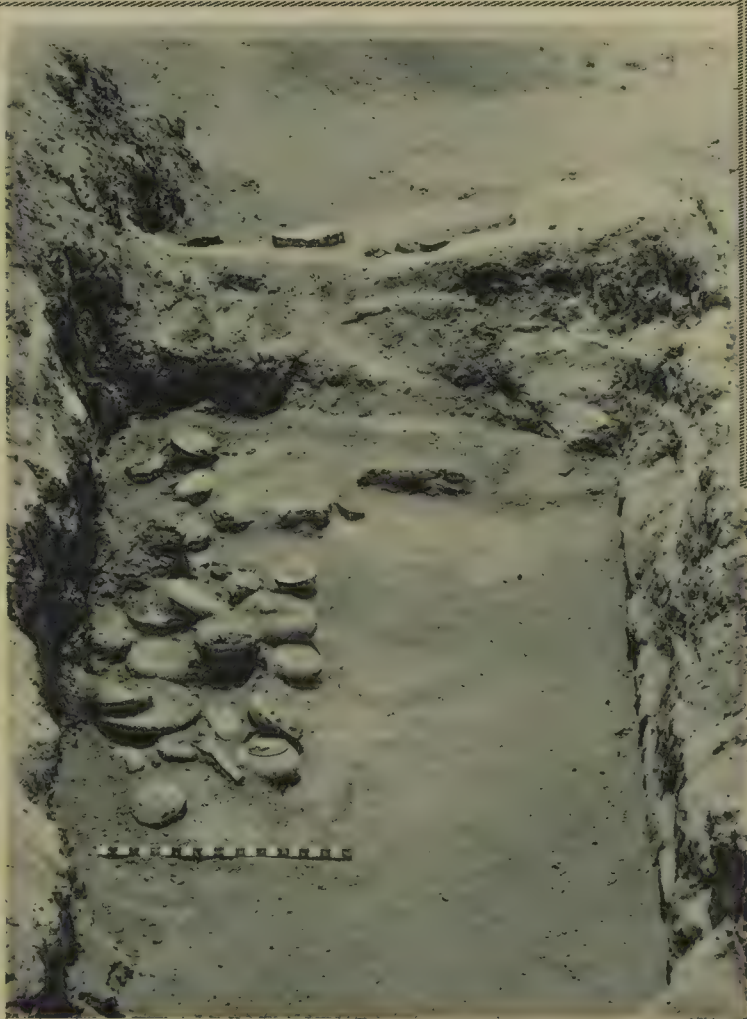


FIG. 5.—THE OTHER FORM OF BURIAL FOUND AT NAL: A GRAVE THAT CONTAINED ONLY THE SKULL AND PARTS OF LARGER BONES, WITH VASES AND IMPLEMENTS OF COPPER AND STONE.



FIG. 6.—RESEMBLING THE MODERN HINDU SAMADHI: A PREHISTORIC BURIAL STRUCTURE OF BRICK DISCOVERED AT HARAPPA, IN THE PUNJAB.



FIG. 4.—SHOWING (IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND) A SHALLOW GRAVE OF SUN-DRIED BRICK CONTAINING A COMPLETE SKELETON: A PREHISTORIC HOUSE AT NAL, IN BALUCHISTAN.



FIG. 7.—FULL OF SMALL EARTHENWARE VESSELS WITH WHICH A FEW FRAGMENTS OF BONE WERE BURIED AFTER CREMATION: A BROKEN CINERARY JAR FOUND AT MOHENJO-DARO, IN SIND.

To-day in England one may be either buried or cremated, and so it was, apparently, in India some 5000 years ago. The two top photographs (Figs. 3 and 4) are described by Sir John Marshall at the beginning of his article on the opposite page. Later he writes: "As already stated, the common practice at Mohenjo-daro and Harappa appears to have been to cremate the dead and place some fragments of the bones in a cinerary jar or a small brick structure. But at Nal, in Baluchistan, Mr. Hargreaves discovered a burial-ground of this same Chalco-

lithic age in which two different forms of burial are exhibited. In one the corpse was laid entire in a shallow grave of unburnt brick (Figs. 3 and 4); in the other the skull and a few of the bigger bones only were laid directly in the ground, along with numerous earthenware vases, copper implements, beads, grindstones, and other small objects (Fig. 5), the body having presumably been exposed to the vultures, and such of the bones as were left subsequently collected and buried."

FROM "THE POTTERIES" OF PREHISTORIC INDIA: REMARKABLE WARE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF SIR JOHN MARSHALL, C.I.E., LITT.D., DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF ARCHEOLOGY IN INDIA.



FIG. 8.—FROM THE PREHISTORIC GRAVES AT NAL, IN BALUCHISTAN: SPECIMENS OF POLYCHROME VASES, OF FINE FABRIC.



FIG. 9.—SHOWING GREAT INGENUITY OF DESIGN: SPECIMENS OF PAINTED POTTERY FROM 'CHALCOLITHIC' GRAVES AT NAL, IN BALUCHISTAN.



FIG. 11.—A BULL'S HEAD ON A FRAGMENT OF POTTERY FROM NAL.



FIG. 12.—COPIES OF COPPER TOOLS TOO VALUABLE TO BURY: EARTHENWARE CHISELS.



FIG. 13.—REMARKABLY "MODERN" IN SHAPE: SPECIMENS OF PREHISTORIC POTTERY DISCOVERED AT NAL, IN BALUCHISTAN.



FIG. 10.—FOUND IN PREHISTORIC GRAVES AT NAL: STONE WEIGHTS, GRINDSTONE, AND CHISEL, THAT WERE BURIED WITH BONES OF THE DEAD.



FIG. 14.—THE NATURAL HISTORY MOTIF IN PREHISTORIC DESIGN: A SPECIMEN OF POTTERY FROM NAL PAINTED WITH REALISTIC FISHES.



FIG. 15.—HANDLED BY PREHISTORIC INDO-SUMERIAN HOUSEWIVES 5000 YEARS AGO: SPECIMENS OF PLAIN HOUSEHOLD POTTERY FROM MOHENJO-DARO IN SIND.



FIG. 16.—WONDERFULLY SIMILAR TO ARTICLES USED IN MANY A MODERN HOUSEHOLD: MORE EXAMPLES OF DOMESTIC POTTERY USED 5000 YEARS AGO IN MOHENJO-DARO.

The craft of the potter is one of the oldest of human industries, and in many respects his productions have not changed so very much in the course of the ages. There is a remarkable touch of modernity, for instance, about some of these specimens of prehistoric pottery of the Indo-Sumerian type, representing a civilisation which, as Sir John Marshall mentioned in our last number, flourished about five thousand years ago. In his further article, given on page 398 of the

present issue, he explains that most of the specimens here illustrated (Figs. 8 to 14) came from prehistoric graves at Nal, in Baluchistan. "The painted earthenware vessels," he writes, "constitute a remarkably fine series, most of them being superior in fabric and design to the potteries found on the city sites, to which, however, they are closely akin." Specimens from one of these city sites—at Mohenjo-daro, in Sind—are shown in the other two illustrations (Figs. 15 and 16).

REMARKABLE EARLY PHOTOGRAPHS: THE ART OF JULIA CAMERON.



INSCRIBED "FROM LIFE, AUGUST, 1865—JULIA MARGARET CAMERON": A REMARKABLY FINE PHOTOGRAPH, ESPECIALLY FOR THAT EARLY DATE, ENTITLED "THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS."



A CHARMING EXAMPLE OF MRS. JULIA CAMERON'S ART AS A PIONEER OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY: "PAUL AND VIRGINIA"—A STUDY OF A BOY AND GIRL.

There has recently been a revival of interest in the remarkable photographs taken by Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron, of Freshwater, Isle of Wight, as early as the 'sixties and 'seventies of last century, at a time when practical photography was, comparatively speaking, in its infancy. As our illustrations show, she obtained some wonderfully artistic results. She took her first photograph in 1865, when she was close on fifty, with a camera given to her by her daughter. Soon she became an enthusiast, and everyone she knew had to sit to her. At Freshwater she was a neighbour of Tennyson, with whom she was on very candid terms. While a great admirer of his poetry, she took a strong line when he gave any displays of his tendency to grumpiness, and was the only person who



INSCRIBED "QUITE DIVINE—G. F. WATTS," IN THAT FAMOUS PAINTER'S HAND: "THE DREAM"—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY MRS. CAMERON AT FRESHWATER IN APRIL 1869.



ENTITLED "ARCHIBALD CAMERON—MY GRANDCHILD, AGED 2 YEARS AND 3 MONTHS": A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN OF AMATEUR WORK IN THE EARLY DAYS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

dared to beard the lion in his den. Mrs. Cameron was one of "the lovely Patties," daughters of Mr. James Pattle; and her sisters were Lady Somers (mother of Lady Henry Somerset and Adeline Duchess of Bedford), Mrs. Henry Prinsep, and Lady Hamilton-Dalrymple. Their circle of friends included G. F. Watts, Burne-Jones, and Mrs. Kemble. Mrs. Cameron photographed, among various other Victorian celebrities, Browning, Carlyle, Darwin, and Herschel. She presented a set of her prints to the railway station at Brockenhurst. Others, including those reproduced above, are now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. An interesting account of Mrs. Cameron, we may add, is to be found in a recent book of reminiscences by Lady Troubridge.

WESTERN "BARBARIANS" EUROPEANS AND AMERICANS PORTRAYED IN

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"THE GLORY OF
AMERICA—HOW IT
IS CROWDED":
PART OF THE
ADJOINING
JAPANESE WOODCUT
OF NEW YORK
IN THE WHISKERS
AND CRINOLINE
PERIOD.

NEW YORK AS REPRESENTED IN JAPANESE ART OF THE MIDDLE
NINETEENTH CENTURY: PART OF A WOODCUT OF FIFTH AVENUE.



A HOLLANDER RESISTING THE CHARMES OF A FRENCHWOMAN,
PERHAPS THROUGH HATRED OF NAPOLEON: A JAPANESE WOODCUT
WITH A DUTCH VOCABULARY IN JAPANESE SCRIPT.

NINETEENTH
CENTURY
ENGLISHMEN
WITH THEIR HATS
AND UMBRELLAS
AND THEIR
"BLACK SHIPS":
AN INTERESTING
OLD JAPANESE
WOODCUT.



In these days, when things Japanese have become so familiar to us, it is curious to see what kind of a figure our forefathers cut in the eyes of Japan. The January number of ASIA Magazine (New York) contains an interesting article by Gertrude Emerson, illustrated by the above drawings, among others, and entitled, "Western 'Barbarians' in Japan: Europeans in contact with the Japanese before the arrival of Perry and his 'Black Ships.'" An introductory note to the article says: "The accompanying illustrations, from rare nineteenth-century Japanese woodcuts, are among the first Japanese representations of Westerners. The artists give the 'Barbarians' typical, long, three-quarters 'print' faces, but emphasize the bigness of their noses. Tight

THROUGH EASTERN EYES: NINETEENTH-CENTURY JAPANESE WOODCUTS.

ASIA MAGAZINE,
YORK.
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"THE ENGLISHMAN'S
MANNER OF
PLAYING IN THE
YOKOHAMA DANCE":
A JAPANESE
WOODCUT
(SO ENTITLED)
OF HALF A CENTURY
AGO.



A JAPANESE IDEA OF JOHN BULL AND HIS WIFE: A WOODCUT
WITH A TEXT EXPLAINING THE SKILL OF THE ENGLISH IN
FIRING GUNS.



A RUSSIAN MAN
GREETING
A RUSSIAN
WOMAN:
A WOODCUT IN
WHICH THE
AWKWARD
HAND-CLASP
SHOWS JAPANESE
UNFAMILIARITY
WITH AN ODD
"BARBARIAN"
CUSTOM.



AMERICANS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN CONTEMPORARY
JAPANESE ART: A CRINOLINED LADY, CARRYING AN ACCORDION,
WITH A MAN AND A DOG.

western garments are so incomprehensible that the artists depict them as falling in loose folds, and shoe-problems remain altogether unsolved." Of the woodcuts themselves few details are given beyond those contained in the titles, their exact dates and the names of the artists not being mentioned. At the end of her article, however, which traces in outline Japan's relations with foreigners from 1542 onwards, she recalls that it was in 1853 that Commodore Perry "steamed into Uruga Bay with four warships, 560 men, a sewing-machine, a miniature railway, and other examples of American enterprise," and that, on returning to Japan in 1854, "he was able to obtain the famous treaty that definitely ended the Japanese policy of exclusion."

A NEW NOTE IN ETCHING: A "SALT-WATER" ARTIST OF THE SEA.

FROM THE ETCHINGS BY ARTHUR BRISCOE, PUBLISHED (OR ABOUT TO BE PUBLISHED) BY H. C. DICKINS, 9, GREAT PULTENEY STREET, REGENT STREET, W.1.



"CLEW LINES AND BUNT LINES," BY ARTHUR BRISCOE: A WONDERFUL ETCHING BY AN ARTIST WHO IS HIMSELF A PRACTICAL SAILOR.



"ON THE MAIN YARD": A STUDY OF SAILORS AT WORK ALOFT, BY AN ETCHER WITH AN INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE OF THEIR TASK.

Mr. Arthur Briscoe, who has had long experience as a yachtsman, and during the war commanded various craft connected with coast defence, was formerly well known as a marine painter. Latterly he has taken to etching, and his work in that medium is now in great demand among collectors, for it is recognised that he has struck a new and original note in the art, both in his choice of subjects and in his extraordinary power of conveying atmosphere, weather conditions, and vigorous movement of men at work on shipboard. He is, above all, a "salt-



"THE HELMSMAN": A NEW ETCHING, NOT YET ISSUED TO THE PUBLIC, CONVEYING A VIVID IMPRESSION OF WET WEATHER AT SEA.



"THE PILOT": ANOTHER OF MR. BRISCOE'S ETCHINGS WHICH HAS NOT YET BEEN PUBLISHED—A STRIKING EFFECT OF LIGHT AND SPACE.

water" artist, and as a practical sailor he is familiar with every detail of the rigging of sailing-ships and of the seamen's tasks. Probably no other etcher is qualified to represent life and work on board a sailing-ship with such authentic accuracy. He is also known as a writer on seafaring matters, under the pen-name of "Clove Hitch." Some of the etchings we reproduce were done during a trip last summer aboard a Polish vessel used for training-cadets chosen from the students at Warsaw University. Mr. Briscoe signed on as a professor of English.



"TYPHOON—THE BURST TOPSAIL": A REMARKABLE ETCHING, BY ARTHUR BRISCOE, OF SAILORS STRUGGLING TO SAVE A SAIL AMID THE FURY OF A HURRICANE.



"FURLING THE FORESAIL": ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF MR. ARTHUR BRISCOE'S AUTHENTIC STUDIES OF WORK IN SAILING-SHIPS.

Mr. Arthur Briscoe shows an extraordinary power of rendering atmosphere at sea—storm or fair weather—and moments of intense activity; also intimate knowledge of the seaman's task. Describing these two subjects, Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman writes: "Very remarkable feats of etcher's draughtsmanship are

'Typhoon—the Burst Topsail,' in which, while the hurricane is raging furiously, we see three of the crew aloft on the yard perilously struggling to save the sail which has started to burst; and 'Furling the Foresail,' with the men up on the yard engaged in 'passing the gaskets,' while the ship is swinging and rushing."

SCENES FROM BIBLICAL HISTORY—BY EDMUND DULAC.

FROM THE PAINTING BY EDMUND DULAC. COPYRIGHT THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, INCLUDING THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



THE FALL OF JERICO.

"And seven priests bearing seven trumpets of rams' horns before the ark of the Lord went on continually, and blew with the trumpets. . . . And it came to pass on the seventh day, . . . when the priests blew with the trumpets, Joshua said

unto the people, Shout; for the Lord hath given you the city. . . . And it came to pass, when the people heard the sound of the trumpet, and the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat."

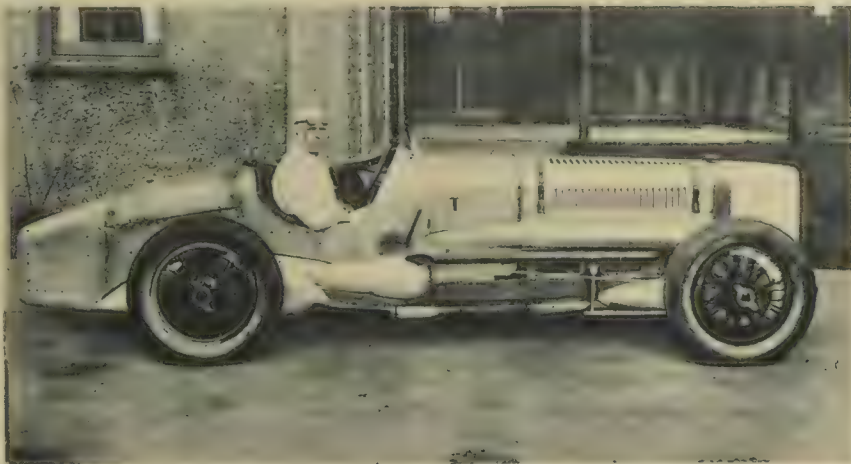
This picture forms the sixth in the series of beautiful colour-studies of Biblical scenes, by that famous artist Mr. Edmund Dulac, begun in our Christmas Number for last year. The subjects of the first four colour-plates given therein were the Expulsion from Eden, the Flood, the Doom of Lot's Wife, and the Death of Samson. The fifth picture, "Moses in the Bulrushes," appeared in our issue of January 9, and others will follow in due course.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL, C.N., BARRATT, HAY WRIGHTSON, AND G.P.U.



THE CRICKET BOARD OF CONTROL MET TO APPOINT A TEST TEAM SELECTION COMMITTEE: (L. TO R.) ADM. SIR J. DE ROBECK, PRESIDENT OF THE M.C.C. (CHAIRMAN), COL. HESELTINE, MESSRS. F. C. TOONE (YORKS), T. A. HIGSON (LANCS.), CAPT. W. S. CORNWALLIS (KENT), J. W. H. T. DOUGLAS (ESSEX), SIR RUSSELL BENCRAFT (HANTS), COL. D. C. ROBINSON (GLOS.), H. W. BAINBRIDGE (WARWICKSHIRE), F. T. MANN (MIDDLESEX), H. D. G. LEVISON-GOWER (SURREY), J. A. DIXON (NOTTS), LORD CHELMSFORD (M.C.C.), AND LORD HARRIS.



COMPELLED BY MINOR DEFECTS IN HIS CAR TO POSTPONE THE ATTEMPT TO CREATE A WORLD'S SPEED RECORD ON THE SANDS AT SOUTHPORT: MAJOR H. O. D. SEGRAVE, THE FAMOUS RACING MOTORIST.



COLLIERY OWNER AND EX-M.P.: THE LATE SIR CHARLES SEELY.



£2159, THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL'S HALF OF THE "HAPPY NEW YEAR BALL" PROCEEDS: BRIG.-GENERAL NEVILLE CAMPBELL, C.S.I., C.M.G., D.S.O., HANDING THE CHEQUE TO PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT ON BEHALF OF THE "BIG SIX" ILLUSTRATED WEEKLIES.



A NEW R.A.: MR. WALTER W. RUSSELL, THE WELL-KNOWN PAINTER.



SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF'S BEREAVEMENT: THE LATE LADY ZAHAROFF.



"G.O.C." LONDON DISTRICT IN THE WAR: THE LATE SIR FRANCIS LLOYD.



FORMERLY AT CHARTERHOUSE; NOW MAHARAJAH OF INDORE: PRINCE YESHWANT RAO HOLKAR.



THE MAHARAJAH OF INDORE, WHO HAS ABDICATED: A SEQUEL TO THE MALABAR HILL CASE.



IN VIEW OF THE LEAGUE MEETING: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI (FOURTH FROM RIGHT) NOT LOOKING ILL AS REPORTED, ENTERTAINING DR. NINTCHITCH.

The Cricket Board of Control for Test matches at home met at Lord's on February 24, and appointed as a Sub-Committee for selecting Test teams Mr. P. F. Warner (Middlesex), chairman, Mr. P. Perrin (Essex), and Mr. A. E. R. Gilligan (Sussex), with power to co-opt two professionals, one from the North and the other from the South.—Sir Charles Seely, the Nottinghamshire colliery owner, was formerly M.P. (Liberal) for Lincoln, and later for Mansfield.—Lady Zaharoff, who married the famous financier, Sir Basil Zaharoff, in 1924, was the widow of Don Francisco de Bourbon y Bourbon, a Grandee of Spain.—As a result of the "Happy New Year" Ball at the Albert Hall, on December 31 last, organised by the "Big Six" illustrated weekly newspapers ("The Illustrated

London News," "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," "Sketch," "Sphere," "Tatler," and "Eve"), the proprietors have been able to hand over £2159 9s. 3d. to the Middlesex Hospital, and £2159 9s. 2d. to Earl Haig for the British Empire Service League. The cheque for the hospital was presented, at a luncheon held there recently, to Prince Arthur of Connaught (chairman of the hospital) by Brig.-General Neville Campbell. The above group includes also Lord Mildmay of Flete, Sir Edward Penton, Col. the Hon. Henry Guest (centre), and Brig.-Gen. A. F. Home.—Mr. Walter W. Russell became an A.R.A. in 1920.—Sir Francis Lloyd commanded the London District for six years.—The Maharajah of Indore abdicated in favour of his son.—Dr. Nintchitch is Yugo-Slavian Foreign Minister.

WAR ON GLASGOW SLUMS: LETTING LIGHT AND AIR INTO DARK PLACES.

By STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

IN these days one hears very much of the "housing problem." For various causes, and in greater or less measure, it is affecting all classes and all cities. Slums are prevalent all over the country—indeed, all over the world—and almost all large communities have their quota. Even in villages, though they are constantly drained to send more workers to the cities,

best they have a small courtyard in the centre, but many of them are "back to back." This condition is, I think, little known in the South, but in Scotland and in our own "Black Country" is still to be found. It means that the houses are not only built in rows, but that the back walls of one row are also the back walls of the row behind, so that light and air can only come from the front of the house. There is little ventilation, and in such narrow streets practically no light in the lower "houses." Still more prevalent and just as difficult to deal with is the block of flats that began as two rows of tenements with a courtyard between them at the back. In course of time another row was built in the courtyard, with dividing walls halfway down on each side joining them to the original buildings. This arrangement means that between two parallel streets there are three rows of houses with only a yard or two of space between them, and that minute space is filled with lines of family washing. The only means of access to the most unfortunate centre row is through a series of passages like little tunnels under the houses leading from one street or court to another. Interior staircases are narrow and quite dark most of the year. One sees the same kind of thing in the old towns in France and Italy; but there the sun saturates everything, and adds joyousness and colour and romance. In Scotland there is much suggestion of romance too, but of a dour and sombre kind, for there is little sun and very much rain and mist and smoke. The bare-footed urchin, blue with cold and sodden with rain, is in much harder case than his counterpart, the *gamin* of the South, who can live and thrive on macaroni and oil and sunshine.

apartment consists of one bed-room, one sitting-room, scullery, bath-room and lavatory. They are let at a rental of twenty-eight shillings a month, inclusive. The three-roomed apartment house has the same accommodation with one extra bed-room, at thirty-five shillings a month. I believe the hire of an iron bedstead is included in the rent in both cases.

There have been several clearances which have been very wisely utilised in another manner. Wooden, one-storeyed kindergarten schools have been erected and in the sunniest places single-storeyed, roofed shelters provided for the use of the "toddlers" under school age, where their mothers can leave them to play in safety in the light and air. In other places island sites of old works have been acquired, and playgrounds with swings, and so forth, erected in their place.

But, when all this has been done, the mentality of the slum takes time to change. Generations of slum tradition cannot be eradicated in a few months, even in good surroundings; and so there often comes the danger of the old slum tenant in the new model dwelling going on in his old unsavoury way, and from choice still crowding himself and his family into two rooms, and reserving the other one for funerals and other festivities. Still, wider streets, lower houses, sufficient light, water, and sanitation cannot help having a good effect on the youth of the city, and there lies the hope of the future. At Hamilton Hill and on all sides one hears that children are better in health already. Infant mortality is



ONE TYPE OF NEW DWELLINGS PROVIDED AT GLASGOW TO REPLACE OVERCROWDED TENEMENTS: VILLAS AT MOSS PARK.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

there is often little enough room for those that are left. To-day we are dealing in the briefest manner with one section only—slum areas of Glasgow.

The overcrowding in this city is appalling, and the clearance of slums a most important problem, a most difficult task, and in most cases where it is accomplished, a great achievement. The problem is being attacked with much vigour by the authorities in Glasgow. There are several classes who need help to live under healthier and more sanitary conditions. The clerk, the book-keeper, the budding professional man, the young skilled worker, and many others are being accommodated on the outskirts of the city, in villas standing in their own gardens on beautiful undulating ground on the southern side called Moss Park, an easy tram ride from the heart of the city. For those who wish to live closer to their work the Corporation has built commodious apartment houses with grass plots surrounding them, and in good broad streets with pavements, at Coplawhill. This district is also on the south side, a few minutes' tram or train ride from the Clyde. When the young artisan marries, he hopes to find a home near his work, and puts down his name to be somewhere on the list for the next vacancy. In the meantime, he and his wife must live somewhere; naturally, they go to live with his parents, who have none too much room as it is. These are the cases that are being helped at Glasgow.

The gradual clearance of the slum areas is a slow process. The city, as most people know, is built on hills. Tall blocks of flats are the principal dwellings for nearly all classes, and for the upper classes they are well built and comfortable enough. In the slum areas they are very high and closely packed. At the

To the dweller in those closed-packed, romantic, but evil houses, where almost total darkness reigns supreme on the landings, only a very faint glimmer of light reaches the first floor from the skylight in the roof and through the gratings on the fifth and sixth floors on the brightest of days. Here in these confined quarters teeming life goes on in all its intimate details. When it is raining, as it often is, children play, family feuds take place, the news of the dwelling is freely bandied from mouth to mouth. Life in all its most intimate phases, birth, death, and marriage, proceeds in all these confined spaces, where damp, age, smoke, disease, and sickness tell their tale and take their toll.

In the great slum areas of Cowcaddens, Anderston, etc., a change for the better is distinctly noticeable to the lay mind. The Corporation has bought a number of old blocks of dwellings from private owners, and is gradually pulling them down. Of great blocks of dwellings forming a hollow square, one side has been razed to the ground, thereby giving the remaining three sides more air to breathe and more light to see. The destroyed tenements had to be replaced by more suitable ones, and to this end ground and sites at a higher elevation had to be bought, the ground laid out, and a suitable type of apartment chosen. The inhabitants have been transferred to these new dwellings on the heights of Hamilton Hill. These tenements comprise two- or three-roomed apartment houses. The two-roomed



WITH GRASS PLOTS IN BROADER STREETS: NEW AND ROOMY APARTMENT HOUSES BUILT AT COPLAWHILL, GLASGOW.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

still terrible, but with these improved conditions the coming generation ought to be better both in mind and body. To citizens who have for years been used to, or have adapted themselves to, evil conditions, the change of breathing purer air, and of being able to read or do needlework without the aid of artificial light at midday in summer, must in time react to the good not only on their general state of health, and consequently on their state of mind, but, what is more important still, on the minds and souls and bodies of all the generations to come.

LIFE IN THE "BACK LANDS" OF GLASGOW: APPALLING SLUM CONDITIONS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN GLASGOW, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



WHAT THE HOUSING REFORMER IS STRIVING TO ABOLISH IN GLASGOW: (1) A SLUM "BACK LAND" AREA; (2) A DARK T-SHAPED LANDING IN A TENEMENT BUILDING; (3) BACK-TO-FRONT AND FRONT-TO-BACK OLD HOUSES.

In his notes on these drawings, which sufficiently indicate the appalling conditions in the Glasgow slums, Mr. Spurrier says, of No. 1—done on a fine summer's day in a slum "back land" area: "Only a little light and very little air can circulate between these blocks of dwellings, which are old and ill-kept." No. 2 shows a first-floor landing of a T-shape. "The tenement is five or six storeys high, and has steep staircases. The landings are as dark as night, and to see a number

on a door, or to walk along a corridor, matches must be struck. There are about ten apartments to each landing. (3) These are back-to-front and front-to-back smaller old houses of two floors, let off into single rooms, dark, damp, and airless. The woman is taking ashes to the ashpit, a haunt for all the stray cats of the neighbourhood." On page 412, Mr. Spurrier shows how these "rookeries" are being gradually cleared away and replaced by healthier buildings.—[Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]

"WHEN THE YOUNG ARTISAN MARRIES" IN OVERCROWDED GLASGOW: FAMILY LIFE IN A SINGLE ROOM.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN GLASGOW, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



WHERE "THE WHOLE OF THE ACTIVITIES OF THE FAMILY ARE CARRIED OUT, FROM THE CRADLE TO THE COFFIN": A TYPICAL APARTMENT IN A GLASGOW TENEMENT SHARED BY THREE GENERATIONS.

"When the young artisan marries," writes Mr. Steven Spurrier in his article on the housing problem in Glasgow (page 408), "he hopes to find a home near his work, and puts his name down to be somewhere on the list for the next vacancy. In the meantime he and his wife must live somewhere; naturally they go to live with his parents, who have none too much room as it is." The terrible overcrowding in Glasgow, and other Scottish industrial districts, has been described by Captain W. E. Elliot, M.P., Parliamentary Under Secretary for Health for Scotland. "Eleven per cent. of the houses are of one room,

and over fifty per cent. are of one and two rooms. That is not to say two bed-rooms, but two apartments or one apartment, in which the whole of the activities of the family are carried out, from the cradle to the coffin. There is, of course, simply no parallel to this at all in England." It was to do away with such conditions that the Government decided to construct a large number of steel houses of modern type, for people removed from tenement buildings as the latter were gradually demolished. Thus came into being the Scottish National Housing Company.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

WAR ON GLASGOW SLUMS: DEMOLITIONS AND NEW DWELLINGS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN GLASGOW, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



THE BEGINNINGS OF A NEW GLASGOW: (5) A CLEARANCE IN AN OVERCROWDED AREA; (6) NEW APARTMENT HOUSES AT HAMILTON HILL—PARLOUR AND SCULLERY; (7) A SQUARE OF NEW DWELLINGS, WITH PLAYGROUND FOR CHILDREN.

It is satisfactory to know that a beginning has been made in the building of new and healthier dwellings for working people in Glasgow, which afford a striking contrast to the slum conditions shown on a previous page. The upper drawing above (No. 5) illustrates the clearance of an overcrowded area, giving more light and air to existing tenements. The middle drawing (No. 6) shows two typical interiors in the new apartment houses at Hamilton Hill mentioned

by Mr. Spurrier in his article on page 408. On the left is the sitting-room. The one fire can be utilised both for this room and the scullery kitchen (on the right, the other side of the wall). These apartment houses all contain a bath and lavatory, with hot and cold water from the kitchen boiler. Drawing No. 7 shows a square of new tenements at Hamilton Hill, with plenty of light and air, and open spaces for children to play.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

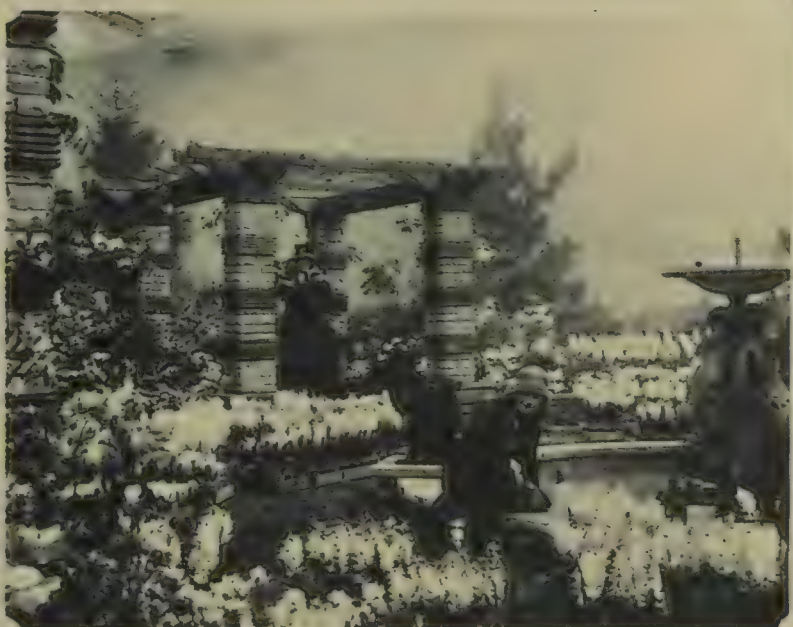
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OF AN OLD-FASHIONED TYPE: A SWEDISH KITCHEN, WITH ITS OCCUPANT IN NATIONAL COSTUME.



ANOTHER SCANDINAVIAN TYPE: A DANISH KITCHEN, SHOWING TWO GIRLS IN NATIONAL COSTUME.

The tenth "Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia was opened by Princess Marie Louise on March 2 last, and will remain open until March 27. There are many novel and interesting features, one of the most picturesque of which is the series of "Kitchens of the Nations." Here the old-world type of kitchen is contrasted with the modern electric kitchen with all its up-to-date fittings. There are nine full-sized and fully furnished homes of different styles,

including a beamed Tudor home made of new materials, in all of which economy and labour-saving have been studied throughout. The Court of Fine Furniture displays an infinite variety of furnishing schemes, and there are innumerable original labour-saving devices. The Exhibition contains, among other things, a rock-strewn retreat of the Lake District, "Gardens of Enchantment," and a field of bulbs round a quaint Dutch farmhouse.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW AND INTERESTING ITEMS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES," AEROFILMS, LTD., CENTRAL PRESS, TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND P. AND A.



RESTORED UNDER SUPERVISION OF THE OFFICE OF WORKS: THE NEW GATE AT WINCHELSEA, BELIEVED TO DATE FROM THE TIME OF EDWARD I.



LORD ROTHERMERE'S GIFT OF A NEW "LUNG" TO SOUTH LONDON: AN AIR VIEW OF BETHLEM ROYAL HOSPITAL AND ITS GROUNDS, TO BE A PUBLIC PARK.



RECENTLY REPORTED LIKELY TO BE RECONCILED WITH HIS FAMILY: PRINCE CAROL OF RUMANIA ARRIVING AT THE GARE DU NORD, IN PARIS.



A YOUNG AMERICAN PRIMA-DONNA'S SENSATIONAL DÉBUT: MISS MARION TALLEY, BOWERED IN BOUQUETS, RECEIVED AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK.



HONOURED IN NEW YORK WITH THE U.S. NAVY CROSS AND LLOYD'S MEDAL: CAPTAIN FRIED, OF THE "PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT," WITH HIS WIFE.



MISS HELEN WILLS (RIGHT), WINNER OF THE LADIES' SINGLES AT MONTE CARLO: WITH Mlle. E. DE ALVAREZ, THE SPANISH LADY CHAMPION, WHOM SHE BEAT IN THE FINAL.



WINNERS OF THE "BEAUMONT" CUP FOR LADIES' DOUBLES AT MONTE CARLO: Mlle. LENGLEN (RIGHT) AND Mlle. VLASTO, WHO BEAT THE BRITISH PAIR.

One of Winchelsea's three ancient gateways, known as the New Gate, has just been restored under the supervision of H.M. Office of Works. It stands about a mile outside the present boundaries of the town.—Viscount Rothermere has bought, for £155,000 (subject to the consent of Parliament), the Royal Bethlehem Hospital ("Bedlam"), at Lambeth, and its grounds of some fifteen acres, to form a public playground and park, as a memorial to the late Mrs. Harmsworth, mother of the late Lord Northcliffe and himself. It will be called the Geraldine Mary Harmsworth Park. The hospital is to be rebuilt elsewhere.—The King of Rumania was reported recently to be taking steps that might lead to a reconciliation with the Crown Prince Carol, who renounced his rights of succession.—Miss Marion

Talley, a young opera singer, of Kansas City, made her début at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on February 17. Some 400 of her fellow-townpeople had travelled 1300 miles by special train for the event, and there was great enthusiasm.—Captain Fried, of the "President Roosevelt," and his officers and men who rescued the crew of the "Antinoo," were fêted in New York for a week. They received Lloyd's Medal for life-saving at sea, and Captain Fried was made a Lieutenant of the U.S. Naval Reserve, and invested with the Navy Cross.—Miss Helen Wills won the ladies' singles at Monte Carlo, beating Mlle. E. de Alvarez by 6—2, 6—3. In the "Beaumont" Cup final, Mlle. Lenglen and Mlle. Vlasto (France) beat Miss Eileen Bennett and Mrs. Satterthwaite by 6—4, 8—6.



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The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS'S "THE MOTHER"—"THE DIVIDING LINE."

AT "Q" the brothers de Leon valiantly pursue their experiments, which sooner or later must prove of benefit to themselves and to the London managers in quest of new material. It is fairly

how to handle her boy: she coaxes him in tender arms; she persuades him not to go, and by her words and her solicitude he is persuaded. She herself will meet the temptress and make her see the error of her ways. Gradually the son mellows: had his mother but lived, he would have steered clear. But she is weak of heart, and dies. Again he is rudderless; again he would seek that woman, a fiend, who in her rancour would fasten the arson of the Squire's farm on him. He remains purblind, and does not see that the girl his mother considered his fit mate—she is the barmaid of the family inn—pines by his side, her heart full of love. Then one evening the girl, turning over the family Bible, finds in it a sheaf of leaflets. It is the posthumous message of the mother: it reveals how, nearly every day of her life, she had prayed for him, thought of him, recorded each slip of his life, from his childhood to his maturer years. As the girl reads these words, so touching in their simplicity—as she reads them in a voice that emphasises the natural love—he sees clear. He recognises where his haven lies. Her spirit saves him and unites two hearts that no man should sunder. The mother is a great part; it dominates the play; it should still be its ruling power when, in the last act, only her spirit survives.

At "Q" it was, like the whole play, very fairly rendered. But we felt that this character, so simple, so archaic, demanded an actress whose personality casts a spell. We heard Haidee Wright—we heard the echo of her voice as it moved us a few weeks ago on this very stage. For in writing this play, Eden Phillpotts in "The Mother" created a tragic figure, as tragic as we find them in the Greek classics. This mother was great in the humbleness of her life. She was the incarnation of all that motherhood and maternity mean—she was the symbol of the protective force that disregards the age of children. Her baby he was in

his cot; her baby he remained when grown a stalwart man. For his remained the heart of a child that could keep no secrets from her who bore him.

In "The Dividing Line," by Hamilton Frances Petersen, the line is the frontier where liberty ends and the lunatic asylum begins. Mrs. Petersen's contention obviously is that the law certifies certain people, who under humanising influences would recover, as lunatics, and allows them to grow madder under the tender mercies (save the mark!) of brutal nurses and all too easy-going doctors. There is a great deal to be said for a revision of our present laws, and Mrs. Petersen says it fearlessly, if, I think, somewhat too drastically. Her scene in the lunatic asylum, where her heart-broken heroine victim lands because there is no money to keep her elsewhere and in private, is an *Inferno*. The nurses, when unobserved by the rather charitable matron, are human devils, who worry and torture the inmates. The specimens of the demented—one fancying herself Michael Angelo, another living in the fourth dimension (whatever that may mean), a third pacing by the window up and down, up and down, a Juliet waiting for a Romeo who does not come—these poor derelicts cause pain and hurt one's thoughts.

All this is too horrible even for propaganda. Nor do I think that, if these things were true, they could be solved by economics (as the author contends in a disarming note). Have we not read of cases of ill-treatment in private homes? Mrs. Petersen says: "Doctors and nurses are not responsible for the system which this play condemns nor for the hardships which the system necessarily inflicts on its victims; they are as powerless to help as the patients to complain." But she tries to prove the contrary, and thereby weakens her case.

However, the subject is too vast to be handled in the criticism of the play. And the play is obviously the work of an amateur. It is spasmodic, written hot-foot; it is not quite coherent; it is basically governed by coincidence—the good Samaritan to the semi-lunatic who sees her former lover in her hallucinations, discovers that they both loved the same man. But, in spite of these crudities, there is force in the writing, and there is the gift to create a *milieu* and types of many people with a few strokes. What Mrs. Petersen requires to learn is—to use a word of hers—the "economics" of playwriting. Otherwise, technique.

With all its shortcomings, the play made an impression, mainly thanks to the acting of Miss Nancy Price. It was a profound and harrowing study of dementia. She showed it in her eyes, now vacant, now wildly staring; she showed it in the lassitude of her whole being, in the clangour and clamour of her voice. She obsessed the audience. Miss Olive Sloane, on the other hand, the little typist who had been left in the lurch by her lover and devoted her care to the poor sufferer, gave a



IN THE COSTUME WORN BY IRVING IN THE SAME PART IN 1882: MR. HENRY AINLEY AS BENEDICK IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," AT THE NEW THEATRE.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

surprising that a play by Eden Phillpotts should have escaped the notice of the West End, and have begun its career in the suburbs. For is not Phillpotts's famous "Farmer's Wife" the most popular and long-lived play in London, nearing its millenium?

Nor is there any reason why "The Mother" should not succeed if put on for a regular run: it is far too good to come and go in a mere week. Its trend is more serious than "The Farmer's Wife," although we found in it a collection of those diverting types and characters, Devonian to the core, which Mr. Phillpotts knows how to draw so well. The poacher ever in conflict with, yet never caught by, the police; the fanatic squire who would condone the firing of his farm for the love of a girl; the village vamp, who married for money because her lover had jilted her in a fit of temper—they are all racy of the soil. They are full of life; as Jerome K. Jerome (who was in the audience) said, they are real. In the picture of the small community, where little souls lead a narrow existence, trivial happenings—such as poaching, for instance—become matters of grave importance.

But this time, in "The Mother," Phillpotts has created a powerful dramatic figure. She is the rural mother in all her tenderness, yet with a touch of dourness almost Spartan. She has a son on whom she dotes. He is a wild fellow, hot of temper, sometimes fired by drink; he is a harum-scarum too, and spends his time in love-making and poaching. His mother knows him through and through; she knows, also, the right girl for him; and with all the powers at her command she will bridle that turbulent life into law and order. At first she seems hard. When the boy has been caught poaching and tries to hide, she surrenders him to the police—it will do him good to spend a fortnight in gaol. It will save him, curb his spirit. Then she sees that he is still carrying on with the girl who is in his veins and is only too willing to yield, for she scorns her sick, moribund husband. One night he has an assignation with her, but the mother intercepts it. She knows



"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," AT THE NEW: MISS MADGE TITHERADGE (RIGHT) AS BEATRICE AND MISS CLARE HARRIS AS HERO.

Benedick and Beatrice, the cross-grained lovers in "Much ADO About Nothing," are delightfully played by Mr. Henry Ainley and Miss Madge Titheradge at the New Theatre; while Miss Clare Harris is duly pathetic as the ill-used Hero. Mr. Ainley stated recently that, "unless business improved," the revival would end on March 6.—[Photograph by Sasha.]

vivid picture of "mens sana" and all that human kindness means. Many others helped in a cast which in but ten days' rehearsal worked in rare homogeneity.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE marriage of Mr. Gerald Verney and Miss Joyce Smith has united a North of Ireland and a South of Ireland family; also two families who have long connection with the Court. Mr. Verney was Page of Honour to the King. His father, Mr. Harry Verney, is private secretary to the Queen, and his mother, 'Woman of the Bedchamber to her Majesty. The Earl and Countess of Desart, his grandparents, are of the family of Cuffe, settled in Ireland in 1598. Mrs.



BUSY IN SOUTH ISLINGTON ON BEHALF OF THE Y.C.U.: MISS I. DOWLING.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.

Gerald Verney has for grandmother the Dowager Countess of Antrim, who was Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Victoria and to Queen Alexandra during King Edward's reign and until that much-loved royal lady's death last year. Her husband, the late Earl of Antrim, seldom left Glenarm Castle, on the Antrim coast. He was greatly interested in cattle-breeding, and cared little for London or for society. The present Lord Antrim married Miss Margaret Talbot, of the family of which the young Earl of Shrewsbury is head, and the mother of the bride of Mr. Gerald Verney is his only sister. They have two sons; the elder, Viscount Dunluce, is fifteen. The Viscountcy is called after an ancient castle on the way from Portrush to the Giant's Causeway, said to have been blown into the sea during a dinner party. More likely it went over in a landslide. There is a narrow path between the land and its ruins which provides tourists with a minor thrill ere they face the major one of Carrickarede rope bridge further along the same coast. Lord and Lady Antrim have also two daughters; the elder, Lady Rose McDonnell, will be seventeen in May. Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Verney are great favourites, as their wonderful collection of presents proved.

It was hard luck for Lady Diana Bridgeman to have such an ugly spill in the hunting field. Happily, no bones were broken, but shock to so young a girl takes a little while to get over, and her escape from drowning was rather wonderful. She was presented last year, and before that important event had acted as one of the child bridesmaids to Princess Mary, and before she was fifteen had published a volume of verses with real pretension to poetry. She has only one brother, Viscount Newport, who is four years her junior, and two younger sisters. Her mother is Lord and Lady Aberdare's eldest daughter. Lady Diana has made many friends for herself, and inquiries have been many. Lord Bradford is one of his Majesty's Lords



THE PRIME MINISTER'S ONLY UNMARRIED DAUGHTER: MISS BETTY BALDWIN.

Photograph by Lafayette.

in Waiting, and sympathetic inquiries from the King and Queen were among the first.

Young people, since the great upheaval which brought differing classes into so much better understanding of each other's good points, have sought to get more nearly together in the ordinary ways of life. Two years ago, in February, young Conservatives formed themselves into a union. The object is that its members should take districts in the poorer parts of London, and by regular and intimate association with the people who live in less prosperous places should better understand the needs and aspirations of those among whom they wish to work. During these two years the Young Conservatives have proved consistent and enthusiastic in their endeavour. Miss Baldwin, the Prime Minister's only unmarried daughter, is in her West Islington district two or three times a week, and is intensely interested in her many friends there. Miss Worthington-Evans, only daughter of the Secretary of State for War, is another member whose efforts never slacken, and who through those efforts is able to bring to the notice of at least one Cabinet Minister what the workers in a congested district are thinking and suffering, and what their ideas are as to progress and better conditions. Miss M. Vickers, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Douglas Vickers of Tulloch Castle, Dingwall, and Chapel House, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, works in North Kensington on similar lines; and Miss I. Dowling, of 13, Eaton



THE CHAIRMAN OF THE YOUNG CONSERVATIVES' UNION: MISS FARDELL, O.B.E.

Photograph by Vandyk.

square, is busy in South Islington; while Miss Fardell, O.B.E., is chairman of the union. The Young Conservatives are men as well as girls, and no better preparation could the scarcer sex have for public life than this knowledge of the Conservative supporters of the manual working class. Such a union requires funds; also the members require relaxation. One ball has already been given at the Garden Club. Another will take place on the 11th at Claridge's, at which Mrs. Baldwin will receive the guests. Members of the Y.C.U. are numerous, and there are captains of groups, so that training in organisation and discipline is also secured.

Dame Caroline Bridgeman has secured an honour for all women in being elected unanimously as Chairman of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations—the first member of our sex to hold such a prominent position. Dame Caroline is the elder daughter of the Hon. Cecil Parker, son of the sixth Earl of Macclesfield. Her mother was the daughter of the late Most Reverend C. T. Longley, Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1895 she married Mr. Bridgeman, only son of the Rev. and Hon. John Bridgeman, son of the second Earl of Bradford, and there are three sons. Dame Caroline is a very excellent speaker. She probably inherits a gift of oratory from ecclesiastical forebears, but she says that she worked hard, and often said a speech over twenty times before she delivered it in public. She is also a good organiser and a good business woman. Two years ago she received her D.B.E. As a hostess at Admiralty House she is a great success, and even at her afternoon receptions she thinks of young people, having one room cleared for dancing and providing good music. There is no formality about her entertaining; she is perfectly natural, graceful, and handsome—quite in the picture as a distinguished hostess. As chairman of a great association she has an opportunity for exercising further powers of organisation and business-like capacity, and will without doubt do so brilliantly.

certainly enjoyed themselves, which James Plush, at all events, would have been too much on his dignity to do. Such dances have their value in promoting good feeling between employers and employed. They may also have an influence in showing domestic service in a happy light and rendering it more popular.



HONORARY SECRETARY OF THE BALL TO BE HELD AT CLARIDGE'S IN AID OF THE Y.C.U.: MISS M. VICKERS.

Photograph by Bassano.

and was married in January of last year. The barony of Lindsay of the Byres dates from 1445. The Earldoms of Lindsay and Crawford once went together, but separated in 1808. The Black Watch was raised as a regiment by the twentieth Earl of Crawford and fourth Earl of Lindsay, and it was first called "Lord Crawford Lindsay's Highlanders." That Earl died without issue, and was succeeded by his kinsman, who died unmarried. The next Earl was a sergeant in the Army, and he was the last of that line.

The Scala Theatre will be the scene of a particularly interesting matinee on Tuesday, March 16, when "Polly with a Past" will be presented in aid of the Incorporated Soldiers and Sailors Help Society, and of a motor caravan to be presented by the Girls Friendly Society for the use of societies working amongst women and girls at the group settlements in Western Australia. Lady Denman, Lady Gillford, Lady Hambleton, Lord and Lady Sydenham, and many other well-known people are among the patrons; and those who are selling tickets include Lady Bertha Dawkins, Lady Fitzroy, the Hon. Alice Brand, and the Hon. Mrs. Champion. The two causes which the entertainment will benefit are both admirable ones, and the performance is likely to be excellent, the actors including Richard and Rudolph Elwes, Auberon Kennard, and others, while the orchestra is provided by Miss Kathleen Seymour.

Yet another member of the Peerage, it is stated, is about to embark on a legal career. Lady Ankaret



DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR: MISS WORTHINGTON EVANS.

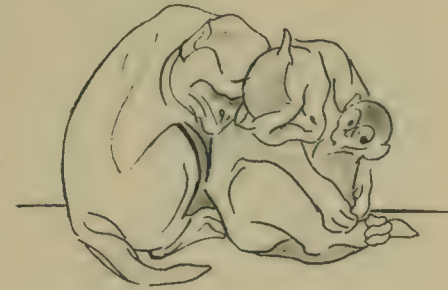
Photograph by Angus Faith.

Howard, second sister of the Earl of Carlisle, should be very successful in any profession she chooses. Her mother, Rhoda Lady Carlisle, is also clever and capable, and interested in the questions of the day, particularly as they affect women and children. Lord Carlisle is Lady Ankaret's only brother. He was a Lieut.-Commander in the Navy and served in the Great War. His wife is the daughter of Lord and Lady Ruthven, and they have a son, Viscount Morpeth, three years old, and a daughter, Lady Carolyn Howard, who will be seven in August. Lady Ankaret—she gets her unusual name from her mother—is a fine, handsome girl, and should be an excellent pleader.

A. E. L.

HUMOURS OF THE "ZOO": STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—No. VIII.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)

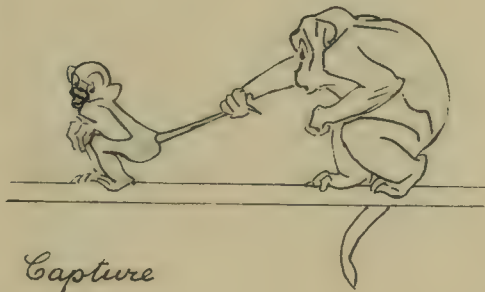
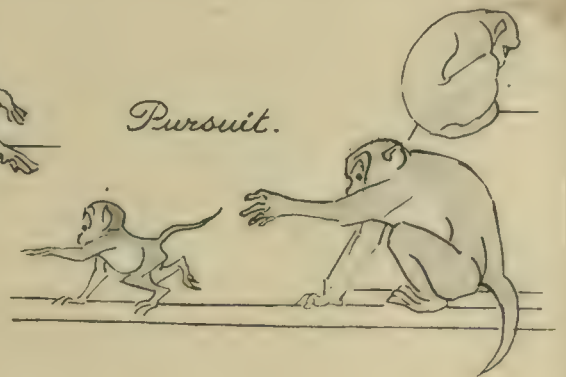


The family group.

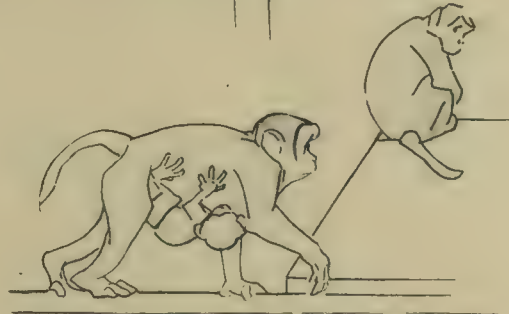
Baby seeks adventure.



Pursuit.



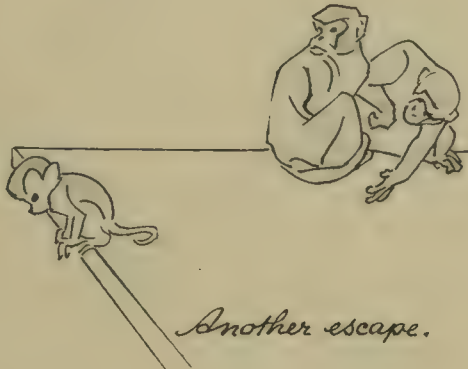
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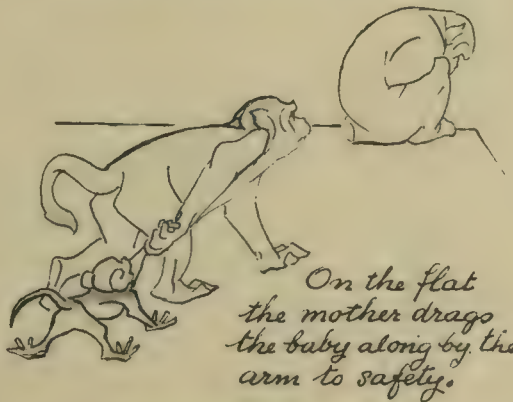
In perilous places the mother carries her baby clasped to her breast.



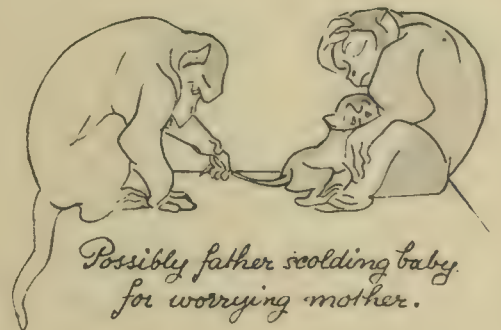
Peace once more.



Another escape.



On the flat the mother drags the baby along by the arm to safety.



Possibly father scolding baby for worrying mother.



Baby slips away once more.—



— and finds a treasure.



Bad for baby—



— but good for father.



Although the mother worships the baby—



— she does not neglect her duties to father.

J.A.S

BIRTHS: MR. AND MRS. RHESUS MACAQUE—OF A SON.

"The above sketches," writes Mr. Shepherd, "attempt to convey some five minutes of monkey family life. The same incidents occur—more or less—every five minutes of the day. The cage is furnished with a platform and a perch—nothing more. The public is not admitted, so there is nothing to bring out new traits in monkey temperament. This cage is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Rhesus

Macaque and baby. Baby is now beginning to feel his feet, and is a source of constant and feverish anxiety to his devoted mother. Father accepts domesticity with a placid and serious simplicity—an unfamiliar side of his character—but is a trifle bored." The rhesus macaque, or bunder, is a common Indian species of the genus *Macacus*.

Fashions & Fancies

CONCERNING THE
VOGUE FOR JEWELLED
FRIVOLITIES WHICH ARE
MORE DECORATIVE THAN

Small Details
which are of
Great Importance.

Mannequin parades are following hard upon each other's heels just now, and it is quite surprising to find the numbers of women who attend them, sometimes two a day, with undaunted eagerness. Yet many will mark the general silhouette, the length of the skirt, and the favourite materials, while the simplest models betray subtle finishing touches which pass unnoticed by the casual observer. There is, for instance, the plain tailored coat and skirt, which in itself varies little each spring. But this season it is more than usually attractive, for the short coat may be lined with the same crêpe-de-Chine as that which makes the shirt jumper beneath, or a trim brown suit has a gilet of dark orange exactly matching a large leather hand-bag. A third, perhaps of navy blue flannel, is accompanied by an overblouse and umbrella fashioned discreetly of the same crêpe-de-Chine in a beige nuance.

Inspirations
from "Katja
the Dancer."

The new vogue for fringe is seen at its best in the beautiful evening frock worn by Miss Lilian Davies in "Katja the Dancer," at Daly's, which recently celebrated its anniversary performance, and was "redressed" for the occasion. The corsage is

of white chiffon velvet embroidered with diamanté, and the skirt is formed entirely by fringes of shimmering silver beads crossing at the back and front and slanting upwards to the shoulders. As Katja moves, the dress resembles a cascading waterfall, reflecting every changing light. There is a cloak to match, of white chiffon velvet richly worked with silver and lined with green satin decorated with the same embroidery. It is completed with a fluted flounce and a tall, Elizabethan collar of white fur. In the first act, Miss Davies wears a fascinating Russian "casaquin" which everyone will want to copy as one of the new short evening coats. Cut in four loose panels reaching barely to the waist, it is long-sleeved and is fashioned of silver tissue embroidered all over with pearls, crystals, and paillettes of every hue, matching a magnificent diadem head-dress.

Brooches, Bracelets,
and Bags.

The vogue for artificial jewellery is still growing in Paris, and large brooches and bracelets

On the left is a lovely tea-gown of Biskra georgette with the front embroidered in gold and silver braid. The gathered skirt, wide sleeves, and long train are important features. The fairy-like boudoir wrap on the right, of pink georgette with alternate panels brocaded in gold and silver, is hemmed with swansdown. They may be seen in the salons of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.

COSTLY, AND THE
GENTLE ART OF
BEING SUBTLE IN SIGNI-
FICANT FINISHING TOUCHES.

of paste studded with gems give the finishing touch to afternoon and evening frocks. Pictured at the top of this page are many delightful frivolities of this genre which were sketched at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. On the left-hand side are flexible bracelets of paste, one studded with emeralds, and a beautiful paste brooch with a curious design in red and green enamel. The small bag is of metal and silver mesh, studded with gems, and costs 52s. 6d. In the other corner are two black silk pochettes, the one above completed with a deep paste border, and the other beautifully embroidered with an old-fashioned flower design. The price of the latter is 67s. 6d. There are brooches, bags, and bracelets of every description in these salons, as well as long ropes of artificial pearls, which are worn tied in a knot at one side with the long loop falling over one shoulder.

Tea-Gowns and
Boudoir Wraps.

Gowns for the boudoir are becoming more elaborate, and the creations pictured below are beautiful models showing the latest inspirations. They hail from Debenham and Freebody. The one on the left is of Biskra georgette embroidered with gold and silver braid, and completed with wide flowing sleeves and a long train. The boudoir wrap is of pink georgette trimmed with brocaded panels of alternate gold and silver, and edged with swansdown. There are, too, captivating tea-frocks of gold lace over an under-skirt boasting a ruching of ribbon across the hips, and a large bow posed on the hem—an alliance of the two new modes, the "bustle" effect and the decorative under-skirt. Another pretty tea-frock of lace adorned with

a butterfly bow can be obtained for £5 19s. 6d.; and 98s. 6d. will secure simple affairs of crêpe-de-Chine, prettily tucked and fluted. It must be noted that a speciality is made of outsize tea-gowns.

New Jumpers
and Tunic Coats.

The jumper has gained a position in the wardrobe which seems unassailable, and three new models from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W., are pictured above. The one on the left is in beige crêpe-de-Chine with a deep jabot and gilet (price 98s. 6d.); next is a hand-worked crêpe-de-Chine costing 49s. 6d.; and on the right a neat stockinette jumper completed with a black bow tie. This may be secured for 45s. 9d. An innovation which promises to be extremely fashionable as the days grow warmer is the tunic coat of printed chiffon edged with satin caught with ribbons at the neck and waist. Sleeveless jumpers made of very thin cloth, with Eton collars and ties, are available for 33s. 9d.



A trio of attractive jumpers for the spring. The two on the left are of crêpe-de-Chine, faultlessly cut and tailored, and the other is a sports model in stockinette, completed with a black silk bow. Sketched at Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge, S.W.



Born 1820—
Still going Strong!



OLD CRAFT SERIES No. 21.

THATCHING is almost as old as house-building. There are traces of it in the most primitive dwellings of all countries in which thatching materials abound. It was the roofing employed by the ancient inhabitants of the Himalaya valleys, by lake-dwellers of Britain, and is to-day the fashion for native African huts.

Evidences of circular thatched huts were discovered in the remains of a marsh village near Glastonbury, which is believed to have existed from 200 B.C. to the Roman occupation. Thatched cottages and farmhouses, erected several centuries ago, now stand in Lancashire, Yorkshire and Devonshire, and the craft remains active in many parts of England.

**Pride of Production is the Stimulus of True Craftsmanship
—hence the Superiority of "Johnnie Walker."**

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

SUNDAY CONCERTS IN LONDON.

THERE has been an extraordinary boom in Sunday concerts in London during the last month or two. The National Sunday League, wearying perhaps of its Sunday evening brass band and

concerts, and different again from that of the Promenades. It is the sort of public which on week-days one would find at a suburban Palais de Danse, and it goes on Sunday to a concert at the Palladium rather than to hear Sir Landon Ronald and his orchestra playing Wagner and Tchaikovsky. But, having got to the Palladium, it finds these orchestral concerts very exciting, for the applause is tremendous. If these concerts go on long enough, they will have created an additional five or six thousand amateurs of good orchestral music in London.

Sir Landon Ronald is an adept at drawing up programmes that are easily assimilated by untrained musical minds. He relies chiefly upon Wagner and Tchaikovsky, whose music is outwardly so simple, forcible, dramatic, and vividly coloured. But he might leave the beaten track occasionally, and give something not exactly new, but more modern. For example, I cannot but believe that Richard Strauss's tone-poems would prove extremely attractive to this audience. The time has long since passed when these works were found complicated and difficult. Any child to-day can enjoy "The Merry Pranks of Till Eulenspiegel," and any adolescent, "Don Juan," and any father of a family the "Domestic Symphony." All of these should be played at these concerts, and I am certain that they would be received with even greater enthusiasm than the symphonies of Tchaikovsky.

Again, it is high time that Stravinsky was introduced to the multitude. I shall be very much astonished if he does not prove a trump card. I

am speaking of the earlier phase of Stravinsky—the Stravinsky of "Petrouchka," "The Fire-Bird," and even the "Sacre du Printemps." I recommend Sir Landon Ronald to make a trial with the Stravinsky-Pergolesi suite, "Pulcinella." I will personally pay £5 to any hospital Sir Landon Ronald cares to name if this suite is not greeted at the Palladium with enthusiasm. It is a masterpiece of orchestral scoring—simple, lucid, and humorous, with all the virtues of the original preserved and enhanced.

In addition to these orchestral concerts, Messrs. Lionel Powell and Holt have been running a series of excellent concerts at the Queen's Hall and the Albert Hall every Sunday afternoon. There was a fear that these concerts would degenerate into "Celebrity" concerts of the worst kind—the sort of concert at which some over-advertised "star" prima donna sings a series of rubbishy songs, or some instrumental virtuoso of more prestidigital than musical talent

[Continued overleaf.]



ROMAN RUINS AT ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLACES IN THE WORLD: THE ANCIENT THEATRE AT TAORMINA, IN SICILY.

Taormina, on the Sicilian coast near Messina, is celebrated for its beauty and historic interest, and every visitor to Sicily makes a point of going there. It derives its name from the ancient Greek colony of Tauromenium, founded in 403 B.C. The Greek theatre was rebuilt by the Romans, and held an audience of 40,000.

vocal displays at the Palladium and the Alhambra, had the brilliant inspiration of offering Sir Landon Ronald a home for himself and his orchestra. They had been banished from the Albert Hall to make room for more profitable Celebrity Concerts, but the National Sunday League has succeeded in tapping a new public at the Palladium, for the first Sunday afternoon orchestral concert on Jan. 3 was an enormous success, every seat in the house being sold, and since then there have been crowded houses at every concert.

I am sure that this public is entirely different from that which one sees at the Queen's Hall symphony



BUILDING UP TRADE WITHIN THE EMPIRE: THE CHAIRMAN OF ROWNTREE'S ON A VISIT TO GENERAL SMUTS IN SOUTH AFRICA—AN INTERESTING GROUP AT THE GENERAL'S BUNGALOW.

Mr. B. Seeborn Rowntree, Chairman of Rowntree and Co., Ltd., the well-known cocoa and chocolate makers, of York, has just returned from a business tour of Africa, during which he visited and conferred with General Smuts. The above group shows Mr. Rowntree (second from left), Mrs. Smuts, General Smuts, Mrs. B. S. Rowntree, and Mr. G. W. Stabler (South African Sales Manager) in front of the Smuts' bungalow.

How KIA-ORA LEMON SQUASH is made.



Picking lemons in Sicily is divided into two seasons—the winter, or main crop, from October to May—but heaviest from December to March—and the summer crop, called Verdelli, heaviest in June, July and August.

The lemon groves are situated chiefly on the North and East coasts and are watered by supplies drawn from streams higher up the valley or by water pumped from wells. Lemons grown on the flat country on the sea coast are not so robust as those grown further inland.

After lemons are picked, they are carted to the warehouses in boxes or baskets, where they are examined, the defective fruit rejected, selected fruit being graded into several qualities. The full process will be described in our next advertisement.

All the lemon juice used in making 'Kia-Ora' Lemon Squash is absolutely fresh, and is extracted from lemons gathered, packed and shipped by ourselves from Messina, one of the many reasons why 'Kia-Ora' Lemon Squash is so good. Cane sugar is added to the juice to make Lemon Squash ready for immediate use by mixing with water—hot or cold. A bottle makes from 24 to 30 drinks.

As a mealtime drink, 'Kia-Ora' is unequalled because its slightly acid sweetness blends with the flavour of all kinds of food. As an occasional drink it is refreshing and thirst-quenching; and as a night-cap, mixed with hot water—with perhaps a little whisky—it is very soothing.

Sold throughout Great Britain at 2/2 and 1/2 per bottle.

Sole Makers: KIA-ORA, LIMITED, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, S.E. 1.



P e a c e

When the book closes on the day's great adventure, when the rest time comes, and the still of a sweet contentment enfolds us in its kindly shadows, then is the time when the message of music falls most graciously on the attuned ear.

The inspiration, the hope, the promise of music, should be in every home. To speak, or listen to, the universal language of music is the privilege of every 'Duo-Art' owner.

The 'DUO-ART' 'Pianola' Piano brings rest after the day's stress

The highest musical artistry, the most exhaustive scientific research and superb craftsmanship have combined to create in the 'Duo-Art' 'Pianola' Piano the perfect instrument for all home occasions.

The 'Duo-Art' will play to you the world's best music, classical or popular, exactly reproducing the art of upwards of two hundred of the most celebrated pianists. It is also a 'Pianola' Piano on which, using a standard full-scale music roll, anyone without knowledge of music may play, with absolute control over all that constitutes personal expression.

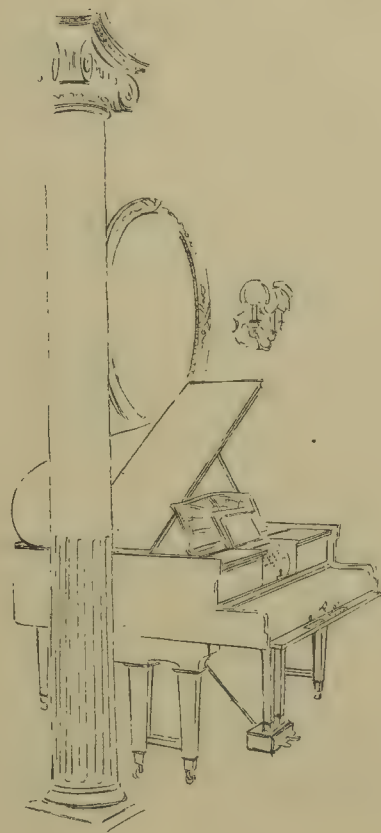
And, finally, it is a perfect piano for those who play by hand—either a STEINWAY, WEBER or STECK.

We invite you to hear the 'Duo-Art'

Why not call at Aeolian Hall to play the 'Duo-Art' yourself, and inspect the full range of Grand and Upright models, always on view? Prices cover a wide range and generous easy payment and pianoforte exchange terms are available. If unable to call, Illustrated Catalogue DC2 will be sent post free on request.

THE AEOLIAN CO. LTD. *Aeolian Hall, New Bond St., London W.1.*

and IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION, Stand No. 16, in the Furnishing Section Main Hall, and AEOLIAN HALL and MUSIC LOUNGE in the NEW HALL GALLERY (over Hammersmith Road Entrance).



(Continued.)

displays an exaggerated technique to an easily impressed but fickle public. But, so far, these fears have not been realised. The promoters of these concerts appear to have some genuine musical standards, and are probably aware that it is more profitable in the long run to build up a solid reputation than to skim off the cream of the concert business by a series of "sensations," and then remove their operations to another and virgin field.

At least three first-rate artists have appeared at these concerts since Christmas—Arthur Schnabel, Erica Morini, and Elena Gerhardt. Of these only Mme. Gerhardt is known to the London public. This season she has been singing better than ever before. To go to one of her concerts is a unique experience, for to hear her in Brahms and Schubert is to hear *lieder* singing of the highest quality. It is also to realise that there are no songs—except a few of Hugo Wolf, Moussorgsky, Debussy, and our Elizabethan composers—which are comparable with them in lyrical beauty and emotional expressiveness. It must be remarked, however, that the Albert Hall is not a suitable building in which to hear a *lieder* singer of Mme. Gerhardt's exquisite artistry.

Miss Erica Morini is a violinist of Rumanian origin, I am told, although her name would lead one to think she was Italian. She has technical virtuosity of the highest kind, and a warmth of temperament which does not always—in fact, very rarely—go with such impeccable technique. It has not been possible as yet to judge exactly how far her gifts extend, for at the time of writing I have not heard her in either the Beethoven or the Brahms violin concertos; but she played the Bach Chaconne flawlessly, and the Tchaikovsky concerto was an astonishing exhibition of fiery accuracy.

But perhaps the most remarkable of these three artists is Mr. Arthur Schnabel, who gave one Beethoven pianoforte recital at the Queen's Hall on a Sunday afternoon at the end of January, and then disappeared. By a piece of extraordinary good fortune, I was present at what I consider to have been the finest Beethoven

playing I have ever heard. Mr. Schnabel is in a class by himself; one hardly knows how to describe his playing, it shows a so much more profound musical insight than we are accustomed to hear from pianists. I have always asserted that the majority of the virtuosos who play Beethoven really give us nothing but a travesty of his music, which they do not in the least understand. Beethoven is by far the most difficult composer to play. So true is this that it is strictly impossible to gauge the merits of a conductor, a violinist, or a pianist until you have heard him in Beethoven. Many a pianist who seems completely satisfactory in a Rachmaninov or a Tchaikovsky concerto goes to pieces at once in Beethoven. Many a conductor who is brilliant in Scriabin and Wagner reveals himself to be essentially commonplace and mediocre the moment he conducts a Beethoven symphony. Even Bach, who offers to a soloist what seem to be the greatest technical difficulties, is, compared with Beethoven, easy, because so much more straightforward in technique and so much simpler in content. Beethoven wrote so little for solo string instruments that it is possible to consider Bach's unaccompanied Suites and such a work as the Chaconne as the chief tests of a violoncellist or a violinist; but for the string quartet, for the orchestra, and for the pianoforte Beethoven is the supreme trial of executive and interpretative musicianship. And from this trial Mr. Schnabel emerged triumphant—more completely triumphant than anyone I have ever heard.

Other good items at the Albert Hall and Queen's Hall Sunday concerts have been the Don Cossacks Choir and the Kedroff Male Quartet. The Don Cossacks Choir is an admirable body of well-drilled singers, and their Russian folk and art songs

(Continued overleaf.)

THE PRINCE OF WALES PRESIDING AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE REEDHAM ORPHANAGE, IN THE GUILDHALL: (L. TO R.) THE LORD MAYOR, LADY GOSCHEN, THE PRINCE, MRS. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, SIR HARRY GOSCHEN, AND THE LADY MAYORESS. Presiding at the annual festival dinner of the Reedham Orphanage at Purley, held in the Guildhall on February 23, the Prince of Wales appealed for the completion of the £25,000 required to establish a reserve and endowment fund. At the end of the evening he was able to announce that the amount received had risen from £20,472 to £21,722. The Prince alluded to the great work of the founder, Dr. Andrew Reed, and mentioned that the story of the Orphanage is told in a little book by Mr. Pett Ridge, called "Our Mr. Willie." He also pointed out that the institution is worked very economically by a board of City men, who devote much time and labour to it, and the average annual cost of each of the 900 children is only £45. Photographs of the Orphanage appeared in our issue of January 23. Contributions may be sent to the treasurer, Sir Harry Goschen, 12, Austin Friars, E.C.2.—[Photograph by Central News.]



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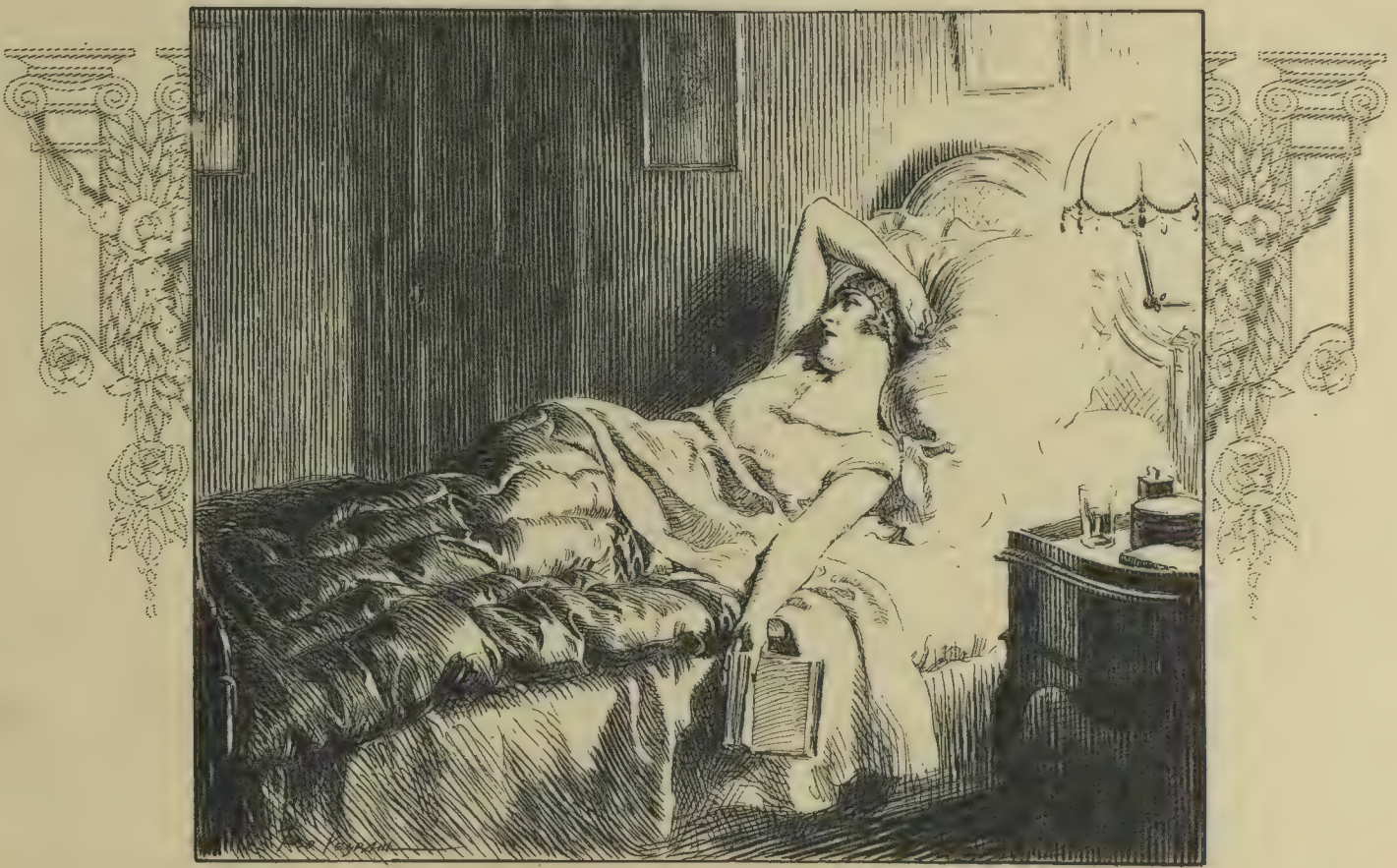


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(Continued.)

are delightful. This choir has a wonderful command of tone-colour, and some of the effects got in the military songs are extraordinary. The Russians seem to have exceptionally fine male voices. Their basses are, of course, famous, but I find the quality of all the voices in this choir unusually attractive, and the same is true of the Kedroff Male Quartet. You have only to compare the gramophone records of this quartet with the voices of our own men singers to notice immediately their softer, richer, more flexible character. Unfortunately, the tendency still persists on the part of the gramophone companies to waste excellent artists on rubbishy material. The best songs of the Kedroff Quartet are not recorded; that fine vocalist, Miss Evelyn Scotney, who also sang at one of these concerts at the Albert Hall, is recently recorded in two of the feeblest and most trashy songs imaginable. It is high time the gramophone companies called in one or two musical critics of high standing, complete impartiality, and catholic taste to assist them. W. J. TURNER.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"R.S.V.P." AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

HOW revue can be made an intelligent and refined and at the same time an amusing show is demonstrated at the re-shaped Vaudeville Theatre, where Mr. Archibald de Bear's new entertainment, "R.S.V.P.," gives every sign of being as deservedly popular as "The Punch Bowl." Its prettiest turn is an "Alice in Lumberland" ballet, in which, to dainty music of Mr. Norman O'Neill's composing, the characters of Lewis Carroll come to life again, and Miss Mimi Crawford proves an Alice who dances beautifully. Admirable taste is displayed in the costumes, and, if Mr. Robert Hale has not too much to do here as the Queen of

Hearts, plenty of scope is found for his humour in a neat burlesque of Miss June and other players, and in a sketch in which he makes an overpowering seller of furniture to the meek customer of Mr. J. H. Roberts. Mr. Hale has also some extremely funny moments as a trapeze artist. If this genial comedian is the driving force of the revue, Mr. Roberts contrives to make himself felt in an atmosphere new to him, and is especially droll as a clergyman

least, the lively evolutions of the chorus should not be overlooked.

"PALLADIUM PLEASURES" AT THE PALLADIUM

"Palladium Pleasures" is another good revue, another proof that the English theatre can hold its own in this class of entertainment; but, whereas the note of the Vaudeville piece is that of intimacy, the Palladium revue makes a broader appeal, in keeping with the size of the stage and auditorium. It has its weak spots, to be sure. Thus, its song-scena, "Mothers of the World," with its stained-glass effects, would be no loss if omitted; it does not always employ the Pounds sisters, Lorna and Toots, to the best effect; and in its otherwise agreeable ballet, "A Flutter in the Dovecote," Mr. Anton Dolin mimes far too extravagantly. On the other hand, the many passages of humour are excellent, thanks largely to Mr. Billy Merson, who is great fun in his parody of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyne," but gets capital support also from Mr. George Clarke; there is some good dancing supplied by the latter and by a clever child who is described as "Tiny Mite"; the chorus of fifty shows admirable precision in all its movements; and there is a turn in which Mr. Leslie Stuart figures that seems likely to take the town. Seated at the piano, the composer of "Florodora" and other once-popular musical comedies plays a selection of his own tunes, including "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden" and "Soldiers of the Queen." On the first night of the show the audience hailed the favourite airs with delight and joined in singing them—not only the generation which might be supposed to recall them, but also the younger folk who must have been in their nurseries or cradles when such music was new. The episode was a welcome reminder that we need not go abroad to find writers of melodious scores.

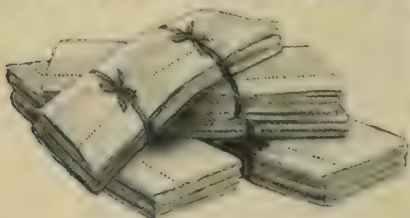


LADY WARWICK'S GIFT OF HER ESSEX HOME AS A LABOUR COLLEGE: THE GENERAL COUNCIL OF THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS AT EASTON LODGE.

The Dowager Countess of Warwick (here seen seated fifth from left, next to Miss Margaret Bondfield) on February 24 formally handed over Easton Lodge, her mansion near Dunmow, to the General Council of the Trades Union Congress, as a gift in perpetuity, to be used as a Labour College, together with an estate of nearly 1000 acres. Dormitories and a dining-hall are to be built for 200 students of both sexes. The above group includes Mr. Ben Tillett, M.P., and Miss Quaile (seated first and second on left), Mr. Pugh, Chairman of the Council, Mr. Purcell, M.P., Mr. Bromley, and other well-known Labour leaders.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

blundering into "Family Bridge." Nor are the male artists the only laughter-makers. Miss Joyce Barbour has a happy gift of travesty shown to advantage both in a musical-comedy skit and in her absurd song, "How Now, Brown Cow?" Last but not

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Road Fund. Debate succeeds debate and discussion becomes wearisome in connection with what has become known as the "Raid on the Road Fund." I hate to be pessimistic, but in this case it almost seems to me that it would be well to stop talking about it and to pass on to the next business. It is abundantly clear that Mr. Churchill does intend to take a part of the motor tax revenue for some other purpose than highway construction and maintenance, and that no amount of argument will alter one single aspect of the case. It simply amounts to this, that, when politicians give a pledge, that pledge will be honoured or not according to the exigencies of a given situation. In other words, if it suits to honour it, then honoured it will be. If it does not, then it will be broken, and that is all there is about it. There is only one saving excep-

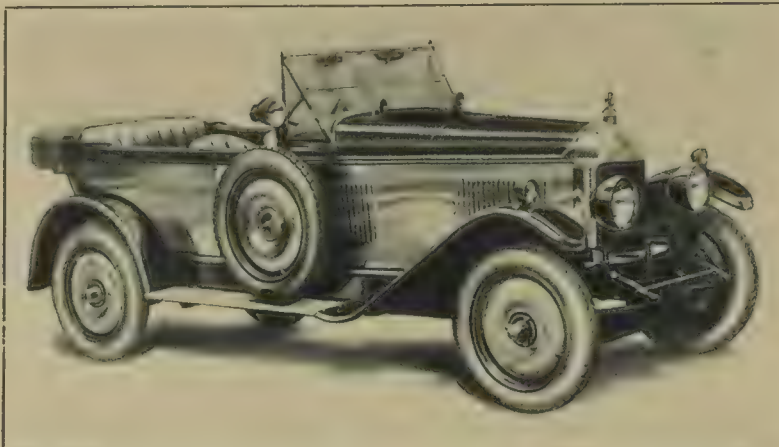
felt. And there is but one way of making this felt—through the ballot box. In this case there is, so far as I can discern, no possible way of impressing the views of the motoring community upon the Chancellor. We can tell him what we think about it. As a matter of fact, he knows already—and the knowledge leaves him quite cold. The weakness of our case is that we cannot enforce our views, and we are thus left in the air. Supposing Mr. Churchill does take half the revenue of the motor tax and devote it to the provision of strawberries and cream for deserving dole-drawers? What are motorists as a body going to do about it?

What *can* the motorist do about it? He can, and doubtless will, raise a tremendous howl and talk about injustice and all that sort of thing, but how far will it get him? Not an inch, for nobody knows better than the Chancellor that there is not the turn-over of a vote in it—and that is all that matters to the professional politician. So let us make up our minds that, in spite of all our "representative organisations," the Government is going to do just exactly as it likes with the Road Fund. Let me say that I do not blame those organisations the least little bit. It is the motorist in the mass who is to blame, because he will not raise a real kick to back the organisations, even when they threaten.

"Famous Racing Motorists." I do love the unsophisticated junior reporter who always

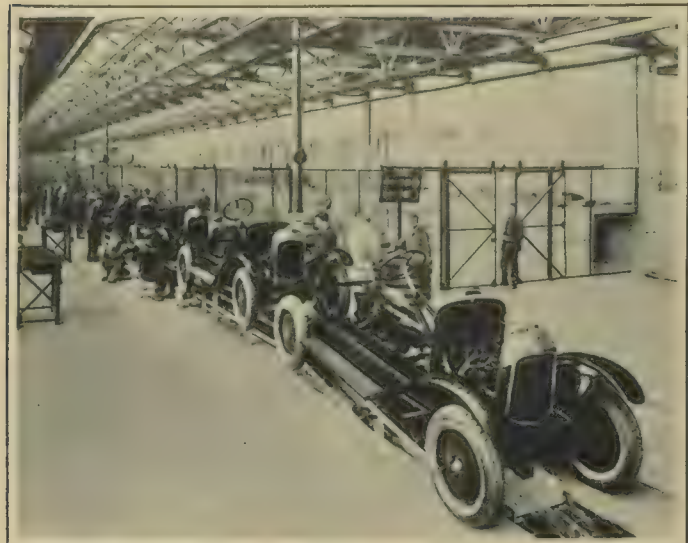
refers to participants in reliability trials and Saturday afternoon club runs as "famous racing motorists." The other day I ran across the description as applied to two quite unknown lady competitors in

a reliability trial. They did well in the trial, which was not by any means a race, and I can quite imagine the shock their susceptibilities received



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A CHASSIS ASSEMBLY CHAIN: AN INTERESTING VIEW IN THE NEW CITROËN CAR WORKS AT SLOUGH.

tion to the rule, and that begins to operate where the interests affected are able to bring effective pressure to bear in order to make their point of view

when they found themselves described in the terms I have noted. And this leads us to the query as to what *does* constitute a "famous racing motorist." For instance, I have won a race or two at Brooklands, and have gathered in quite a store of gold and other medals in hill-climbs and trials of one sort and another. Yet nobody has, to my knowledge, ever described me in cold print as a "famous" or any other kind of "racing motorist." Which is not at all as it should be! When I think of one or two men I know who have achieved fame as the result of a single accidental success in racing, and who have built up international reputations as "famous racing motorists," to the enhancement of their *amour propre* and the better lining of their pockets, I am given to think that there must have been something wrong with my Press agent. Seriously, though, what is a famous racing motorist? We know all about Segrave, "Bill" Guinness, Malcolm Campbell, Thomas, and one or two more who really deserve the description (which, incidentally, they hate), but who are the others outside the admitted half-dozen?

[Continued overleaf.]

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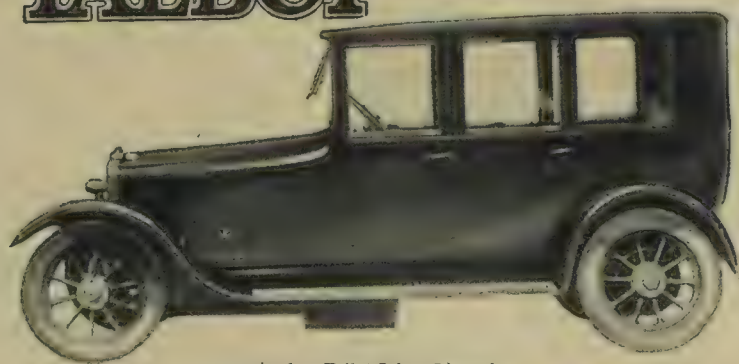
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(Continued.)

Jammed Controls. The other day I was driving a car of international reputation, and one which I should not have the slightest hesitation in saying is among the first six of the world's best cars. I suppose more care and thought have been lavished on the details of this particular car than on almost any other I know. Yet I found a defect which was well-nigh my undoing. I was travelling fairly fast on a quite open road—fortunately—when I accelerated to pass a big lorry which was obstructing my view of the road. I had seen another car approaching in the opposite direction, but saw I had plenty of room to pass the lorry before meeting this car. When I cleared the lorry I found that, fifty feet or so in front, was another car, travelling slowly in the same direction. Normally, there was nothing in this at all. I simply had to tuck in between lorry and car and wait for a few seconds. This I proceeded to do, but, to my momentary horror, I found the throttle was jammed open, and, instead of slowing down, the car was actually accelerating. The switch was placed in a most inaccessible position—right over on the near side of the board, and I had quite enough to do without getting half out of my seat to move it. Fortunately, my passenger was really a famous racing motorist and knew what to do—he promptly switched off and got me well out of what looked like a very nasty situation. Moral for the manufacturer: Place the ignition switch where it is right under the driver's hand.

Plug Prices. I see that some people are inclined to grumble at having to pay as much as five shillings for a sparking-plug. Well, I suppose it is a lot of money, but I really don't quite

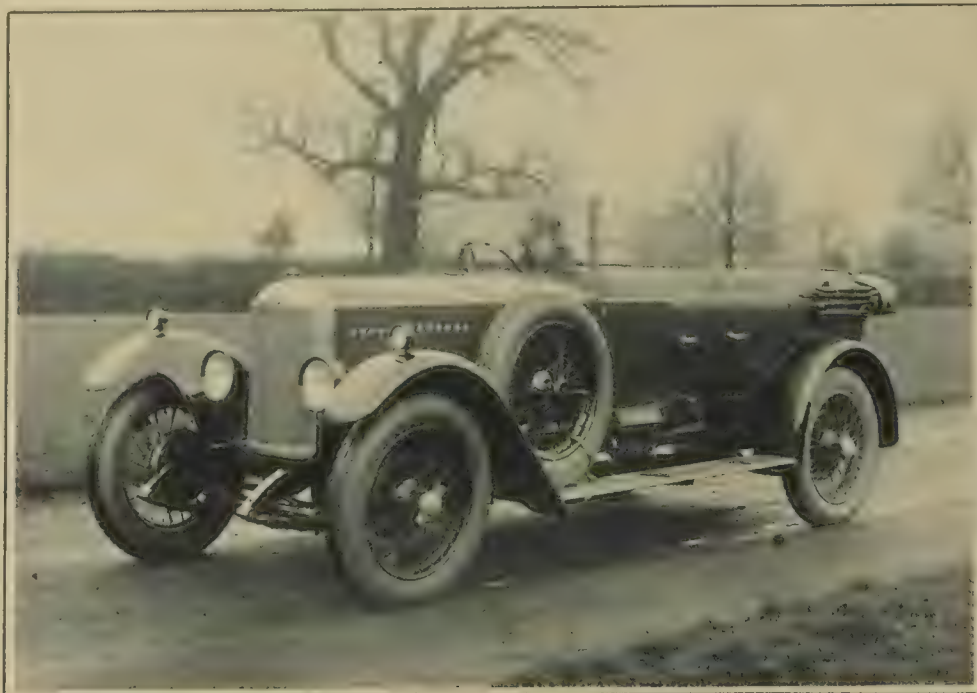
see how it is too much. Work it out thus. I own a six-cylinder car which has now done close upon 20,000 miles on one set of first-class British sparking-plugs, priced at five shillings each. Taking the set at thirty shillings, that is eighteenpence per thousand miles up to now. I have never had a single misfire on a single cylinder, and the plugs

sporting fixtures of 1926, has been prepared by the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. A copy of the same will be sent, gratis, to any reader who applies to the Manager, *I.S.D.N.*, 172, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The Orient Steam Navigation Company have placed an order with Messrs. Vickers, Ltd., of Barrow, for another 20,000-ton passenger steamer for their mail service to Australia. The vessel is to be on similar lines to the company's new steamers *Orama*, *Oronsay*, and *Otranto*. The last-named is at present on her maiden voyage to Australia.

The manufacturers of the well-known Atco Motor Mower have, after five years' continuous success, this year augmented their range of models, and have also taken a step destined to create much greater interest in so far as prices are concerned. Owing to arrangements for large scale of production (5000 Atcos are already in hand for 1926), the prices of Atco mowers have been very materially reduced. They are now within the reach of everyone possessing a lawn of, say, 500 square yards upwards. With such a variety of models, the prospective buyer may make a choice which perfectly fits in with his needs. The Atco Motor Mower is certainly a most economical as well as a most dependable means of turf cultivation, and at the

new prices will undoubtedly attract a large number of turf-culture enthusiasts. Readers should make a point of obtaining full particulars of the Atco 1926 programme from the manufacturers, Messrs. Charles H. Pugh, Ltd., Whitworth Works, Tilton Road, Birmingham.



A CAR OF GREAT DISTINCTION: THE 14-40 H.P. VAUXHALL "PRINCETON" TOURER.

The photograph shows the current pattern 14-40 Vauxhall "Princeton" touring car, with its large body, and with the taller radiator that gives a better bonnet line. This car is a five-seater with an inside width at the rear of 50 in. The front seat is adjustable for reach in a very simple manner.

look to be good for many thousands of miles more. I can buy plugs at two shillings; but is it worth while? W. W.

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THE GODDESS OF AUTOMOBILES

Here are further extracts from "The Times" of Dec. 1st, 1925, after a trial run on the Minerva 30 h.p.

"There is plenty of power, and 70-75 should be attainable with a load on a good level road, while nearly 55 and 35 can be touched on third and second speeds. With two up, but with a wet and rough road, Dashwood Hill's severe 1 in 11 gradient was mounted on top. The chassis, with a comfortable 6-7 seated all-enclosed body, divided into two compartments, is, therefore, not overburdened, but has ample power... The four-wheel braking was the feature which pleased me most."

ALL MINERVA CARS ARE FITTED WITH FOUR-WHEEL DEWANDRE SERVO VACUUM BRAKES

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of Knightsbridge

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Inexpensive Millinery Department Ground Floor.

"HARLEQUIN"

These hats are made in fine quality fur felt in all the latest shades, including the new spring pastel colours. **39/6**

Original Parisian novelty brooch pin at the side. Price

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

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3 Sleeve Lengths to each Neck Size

This offer amounts practically to a made-to-order Shirt at a 'ready-to-wear' price.

Men with long arms: men with short arms: men with arms of any length can get the desired neck size combined with the necessary arm length. There are three lengths of sleeve to each neck fitting and neck fittings range from 14 to 17 inches.

These PERFECTLY TAILORED SHIRTS ARE CUT TO HARRODS OWN MODEL from good quality Silk, in a variety of fast coloured stripes.

With two collars to match

27/6

HARRODS

Men's Shirt Section—Ground Floor

Harrods Ltd

London SW1



"I wonder what they're doing in the Old Country now?"
"The wise ones are doing the same as I!"

"Paddy Glaherty"
IRISH WHISKY



The only whisky with a £1,000 guarantee that every drop is 10 years old and PURE pot still.

CORK DISTILLERIES CO., LTD., CORK.

Agents for France: Anglo Spirits Import Co., 5, Rue Boudreau, Paris.

SIGNS and their SIGNIFICANCE



**MAIDEN'S
HEAD**

The MAIDEN'S HEAD
Uckfield

WHAT history of the road is centred around the picturesque Inn signs of Britain. The Maiden's Head at Uckfield, a link in the oldest coaching route to Brighton, breathes the true spirit of the road when history was being made by such famous coach expresses as the Light Post Coach, Alert, Meteor, Royal Brunswick and Vivid, which did the journey in five hours and a quarter.

A Famous Sign of To-day



It's a far cry from those days to these of the Motor Car, but the spirit of the road remains. The modern sign of that service is found outside Garages throughout the land, varied in shape but giving a message of service and the right spirit—Pratts Perfection—and no traveller need ever be without the best—



PRATTS

Uniform everywhere
Reliable always

THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

MR. BOTTLEBY DOES SOMETHING. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Bottleby did the usual thing. He married. But the ways of the potential bridegroom are manifold, and Mr. Bottleby's entitle him to have a book

(Subconsciously there was something going on.) It chanced—no, in the occult world there is no such thing as chance—it happened that the Museum harboured the mummy of Ta-mai, daughter of Tchet-Ra, doorkeeper of the temple of Osiris. Ta-mai's spirit was waiting to be born again as the child of Mr. and Mrs. Bottleby. It was with this influence propelling

and there is not too much of the Egyptian magic, but just enough.

OLD YOUTH. By CONINGSBY DAWSON. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

In Clinton, U.S.A., widows are relegated to the shelf with Hindu severity. The head of the family



THE KING'S SURPRISE VISIT TO WELLINGTON BARRACKS: HIS MAJESTY, WITH LORD RUTHVEN, ARRIVES TO INSPECT THE NEW BUILDINGS.

The King paid a surprise visit to Wellington Barracks on February 25, walking over from Buckingham Palace just after Major-General Lord Ruthven (commanding the London district) had conducted a party of Press representatives over the new buildings. The barracks have been reconstructed and modernised at a cost of £70,000. His Majesty was much pleased with the new arrangements and accommodation, which will greatly increase the comfort and amenities of the soldiers' quarters.

Photograph by I.B.

written about them. In vain did the ladies of Thurnham spread their nets in the sight of the bachelor Curator of the Museum. Even when sweet Jenny Hazlitt was engaged as his assistant, Mr. Bottleby was at first impervious consciously to her charms.

them that the lovers contrived accidentally to crack the mummy's glass case, so that in due course, and at the hour of little Miss Bottleby's birth, Ta-mai dissolved into a heap of dust. Mr. Temple Thurston manipulates his eccentric man of science very well,

Greensleave discarded his son's widow from a dinner party because she would have made "one extra," borrowed her butler for the party before asking her permission, and managed her property without so much as by your leave. It happened to be Eve

(Continued overleaf.)



THE PRINCE OF WALES ARRIVES AT THE BIRMINGHAM SECTION OF THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR: A HAPPY WORD WITH SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

The Prince of Wales went to Birmingham on February 23, accompanied by Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, President of the Board of Trade, to inspect the Birmingham section of the British Industries Fair at Castle Bromwich. He was received by the Lord Mayor of Birmingham, and was attended during his tour of the Fair by Sir Austen Chamberlain. Later the Prince visited the Ministry of Labour's Training Centre for unemployed men.

Photograph by G.P.U.

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Feminix^{LD}

Women's Service for Women

—a new exclusive Beauty centre.

Sports People and their Dogs.

If you want to Purchase, Sell, or Hire good Pedigree Dogs you cannot do better than to study and use the advertisement columns of *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, which publishes each week a special article by Major Harding Cox, the well-known authority, under the heading of "Dogs of the Day."

Advertisers' announcements appearing either under or facing this special article cannot but catch the reader's eye. By following this special page you will be kept in touch with all the best dog fanciers throughout the English-speaking world. Where English-speaking people are to be found so is the *Sporting and Dramatic*.

Further particulars and rates on application to:—

The Advertisement Manager,
The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News,
172, Strand, London, W.C.2.

GREEN'S IMPROVED LIGHT MOTOR MOWERS



The Playing Fields of England

have been cared for since 1835 by Green's Mowers. Many noted public school grounds and professional pitches owe their first-class playing condition to these world-famous machines.

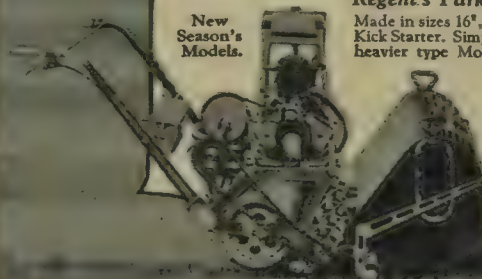
GREEN'S secured the Highest Award of the Royal Horticultural Society at the Motor Mower Trials, Regent's Park, London, in 1925.

New Season's Models.

Made in sizes 16", 20", 24", 30". Fitted with Safety Kick Starter. Simple—Reliable—Economical. Also heavier type Motor Mowers up to 42" Triple and Quintuple Machines, etc.

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Delivery of the ATCO Motor Mower is made by our own vans, our own mechanics ensure that it is in perfect condition when delivered, and the nearest ATCO Service Dépôt—there is a chain of these covering the country—keeps it so.

The 1926 ATCO range offers a choice of models from 14 to 30 ins.

Prices from

30 Guineas

Ask any of its 10,000 users their opinion of the ATCO Motor Mower, then let us arrange a Free Demonstration on your own grass—without obligation.

A Monthly Calendar of Turf Culture notes, of interest to all lovers of turf, is embodied in our 1926 Catalogue of ATCO Turf Culture Specialities. Send for YOUR free copy.

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THE ONLY GAS GENERATOR using motor spirit without waste. Fifty per cent. proved lower running costs after replacing hundreds of other makes.

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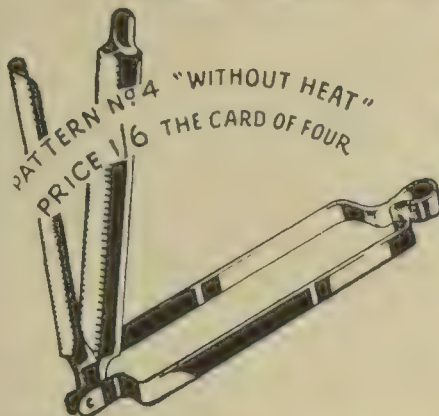
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LADIES' HAIRDRESSING
DEPARTMENT
THIRD FLOOR.

DICKINS & JONES, LTD.,
"London's Fashion Centre,"
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Continued.]

Greensleave's thirty-sixth birthday—in her view the date of entry upon old-youth, or second girlhood. It was now or never for Eve, and she revolted. An early lover returned, aged forty-two, and he, too, was struggling to retain the thrill of youth before definite middle-age disposed of it. "Old Youth" exhibits their actions and reactions: how Eve refused to sit at home and mind the family babies, and how Dick Chauncey dealt with the hard fact of a charming eighteen-year-old daughter. Eve, for all her selfishness, found time to unravel the tangled Greensleave marriages before she grasped her second chance. "Old Youth" is too long; but it prances gaily among its human problems.

A GAY LOVER. By RUTHERFORD CROCKETT. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

Sarah Reynolds had a whimsical side, but a general good-heartedness kept it from running away with her. She was ardently in love with life, and was well equipped for its adventure, being young, pretty, and gay of heart. She found young men in her native Scotland who were interested in her; then went to England and met the one she was most interested in, again. She stayed with Aunt Claudia, "who was 'living in England,' a phrase to northern ears, if not precisely akin to 'living in sin,' at least faintly dubious." Sarah's Scottish acumen saw at once what was meant by an invitation to meet young society. "Translate," was her amused comment, "a choice of husbands with more variety than is to be obtained here." She might have added, give the young men a chance of meeting Sarah. "A Gay Lover" is a natural book, well written, as becomes the work of S. R. Crockett's daughter, and delightfully bright and genial.

AS THE STARS COME OUT. By NETTA SYRETT. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

Elizabeth Stuart came into her fortune and her liberty in time to make up for past repression by a pretty deep plunge into love and luxury. For reasons that satisfied her at first, she took Nicholas Brough for a lover—superficial, second-rate Nick, whose literary efforts deceived her less than his enchanting smile. She went out of her way to sow the seeds of future suffering for herself by the *liaison*. She was a violinist of no mean quality, and she might have achieved something akin to greatness in the musical world if Nick had not intervened. She went back to her fiddle again after many years, when, as Netta

Syrett puts it, the stars came out. Elizabeth is a well-drawn feminine character, and, credible or not, the situations in which she placed herself are vividly described. If Miss Syrett's values are often false, she has the art of making them seductive.

STORM DUST. By CONSTANCE SMITH. (Melrose; 7s. 6d.)

Here is a novelist who boldly takes the spoliation of the Surrey hills and makes it the pivot of a tragedy. "Storm Dust" should be presented to all speculative builders, new art-y architects, county councillors, and borough tradesmen within forty miles of Charing Cross. However, as this is a counsel of perfection, we can only pray they may come upon it unawares, and so be beguiled into appreciation of its particular appeal. Constance Smith places Jacqueline, her avid, neurotic modern, in a house on Martyr's Hill, a solitary peak dominating the Tyworth Vale. "You can see it from many points of the sandstone ridge, humped against the sky, with its little chapel black and steadfast amid the storms that rise up from the sea and the plains." Its wind-haunted crest is hateful to Jacqueline, and she proceeds to arrange for the felling of the pines and the raising of a blue and yellow bungalow town. She cannot endure its solitude; she wants jazz, and motor-roads, and gramophones. But retribution overtakes her; it is not for nothing that Martyr's Hill has been a place of sacrifice. The sombre atmosphere of "Storm Dust" is extraordinarily good.

THE BLUE BUNGALOW. By WILLIAM LE QUEUX. (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d.)

William le Queux has an unrivalled gallery of international crooks, poisoning experts, and people who conveniently exist to be done to death in strange circumstances. He does not mind giving you a lead, lest you should fail to perceive that "The Blue Bungalow" is a mystery story. People mutter in dark, reflective tones, and the famous detective—oddly, for he is on the eve of making a hopeful arrest—says meditatively, "Sharpe, I have an impression that this bungalow murder will go down into criminology as one of the most remarkable and baffling of crimes." After which you may sit back in confidence that you are about to enjoy a couple of hours among the doublings and cross-trackings of the criminals, and that you will emerge to find the lovers arranging their marriage on the final page.

MIDDLEMEN. By GIUSEPPE BIANCO. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)

"Middlemen," by the pseudonymous Giuseppe Bianco, falls into acts one, two, and three: courtship, marriage, and the aftermath. It is good drama, and within certain limitations it is good character study. The people do not alter in essentials, which is sound judgment on the part of their creator. Violent changes of heart, as we know, do not occur: they are either a morbid excrescence on the fundamental character, or they are the awakening of impulses that have been lying dormant. There are the modifications produced by the middle-aged virtue of resignation; but these are passive, and they are what we commonly mean when we speak of having learned by experience. You will find that "Middlemen" stirs some such thoughts as these. The complete egotist, Sybil, is not modified, not even by love for her son, a passion that merely transfers the object from self to the self's most cherished possession. When Giuseppe Bianco is winding up his story he postulates that Sybil would have been a better woman if her husband had neglected her. But that is nonsense. All that would have happened would have been a dive below the surface: she would have hated secretly instead of openly despising. It is also suggested that Edward could have married Dawn instead of Sybil if she had not worn djibbabs when she was five-and-twenty. We are afraid that is nonsense too. The freedom that Edward attains, by the way, looks to us so much like simple old age that we wonder why he thought it was an amazing discovery. "Middlemen" is controversial and interesting.

The display of "Bambina" and "Mabel Lucie Attwell" dolls at the British Industries Fair, illustrated in our last issue, was not made by the Rural Industries Bureau, as stated below the photograph. The dolls were exhibited by the sole proprietors and manufacturers, The Chad Valley Co., Ltd., Harborne.

"Burrow's Handy Guide to Europe," which is an entirely new work of a handy size, covers the whole of Europe, with the exception of Russia, and should be very popular. Places and features of special interest are given in prominent type; there are twenty-nine maps and plans; and there is a special section for Americans. The book consists of 420 pages, and is sold for 7s. 6d. net.

14-40 VAUXHALL £550

A fine car—A wonderful price

EVERYBODY on seeing the new season's big-bodied, six-braked Vauxhall 'Princetown' touring car pronounces it astonishing value. They know they can buy cars in the same horse-power class for much less money, and get excellent value too. But to be able to buy a Vauxhall for

£550 is what strikes them as wonderful. Besides the great boon of freedom of transport, the Vauxhall brings you the finer joys of motoring and the very human satisfaction of owning—well, a Vauxhall! Ask us for full particulars and a trial drive.

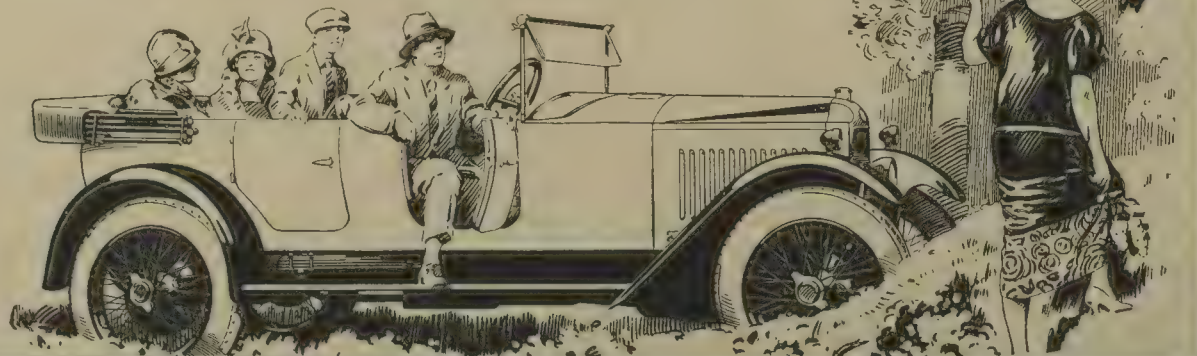
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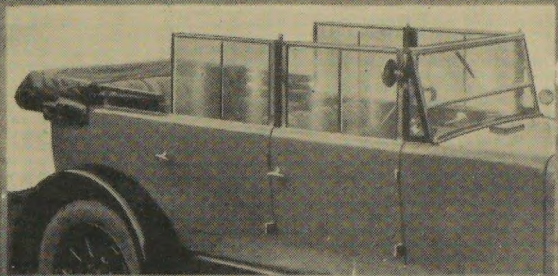
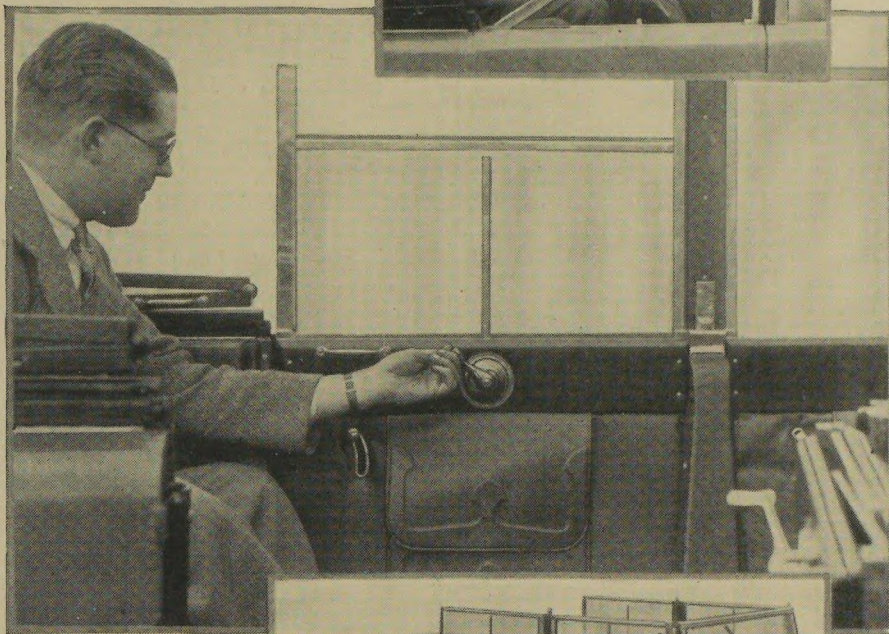
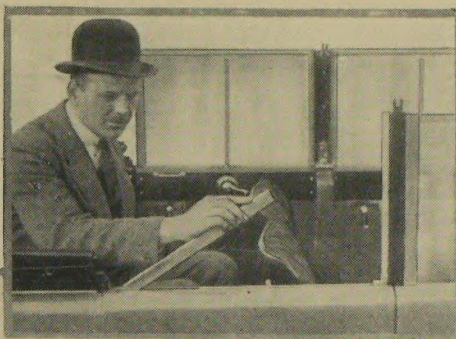
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Right. Showing the operation of the mechanical winders. Windows disappear within the doors. Notice the solid construction of the interior of the body.

Top right-hand corner. Vertical slides fold neatly into the tops of the doors.

Below. Pillars fold neatly into the body. Perfectly rigid when in position.



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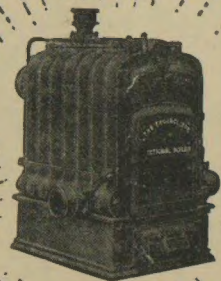
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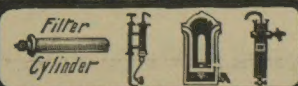
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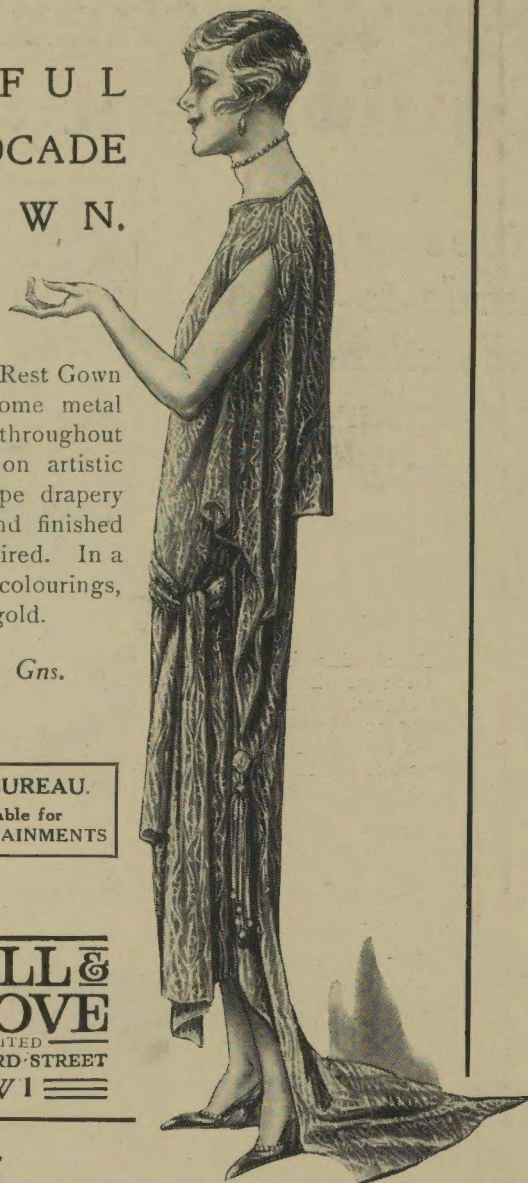
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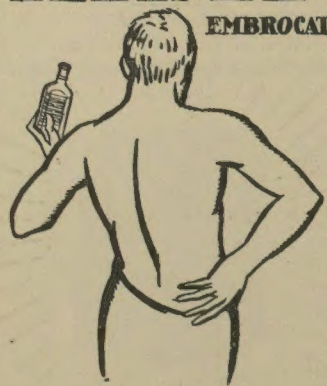
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2/- 4/- at all CHEMISTS & STORES

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Now's your chance



The "Tallier-man" Doll.

Only a few of these "chic" and charming Paris dolls are left. They could not be made available for sale at the "Happy New Year" Ball with the other dolls and novelties.

Orders should be sent, and cheques made payable, to The Secretary, Sphere and Tatler, Ltd., 6, Great New Street, E.C.4.

£2 2 0 each, or
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to buy really cheap one of the "Sketch-girl" and "Tallier-man" dolls left over from the "Happy New Year" Ball at the Albert Hall on December 31.

Each doll is 2 ft. 9½ ins. high.



The "Sketch-girl" Doll.

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No. 2



EARLY in May the seedlings are planted in rows. It is estimated that 5,000 seedlings can be planted to the acre.

The tender young plants are in great danger from parasites—bugs is the term used in America—and only by constant attention is it possible to produce the Rich, Ripe Virginia Leaf used in the making of

PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

TOBACCO & CIGARETTES



Regd. No. 154011.

No. 5



THE Tobacco Harvest commences at the end of July, when the plants are harvested and threaded on long poles.

Mule carts are used to convey these poles to the curing barns.

The average crop is about 700 lbs. to the acre, but only a small percentage of this will ultimately produce the Rich, Ripe Virginia Leaf used in the making of

PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

TOBACCO & CIGARETTES

No. 1



Removing Tobacco

The seed is sown in February and March in beds or frames, the soil of which has been subjected to great heat to kill any weeds or insects.

These beds are protected from the frost, and in six or eight weeks' time the young plants are about six inches high and are ready to be transferred to the tobacco fields. Without this special preparation it would be impossible to produce the Rich, Ripe, Virginia Leaf used in the making of

PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

TOBACCO & CIGARETTES

No. 4



THE British Farmer knows when to cut his corn by the gradual change of colour. There is no such indication where Tobacco is concerned.

The leaf must be fully grown or it is useless; on the other hand it must be gathered while it is still green or it will be blotchy.

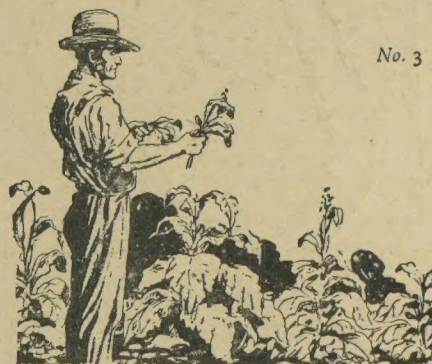
It therefore requires great judgment on the part of the Tobacco Grower to know when the plant is just in that condition to produce the Rich, Ripe Virginia Leaf used in the making of

PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

TOBACCO & CIGARETTES

No. 3



"Topping Tobacco"

When the Tobacco Plant is fully grown, and just before the ripening process commences, the tops are cut off to prevent the plant from flowering and running to seed.

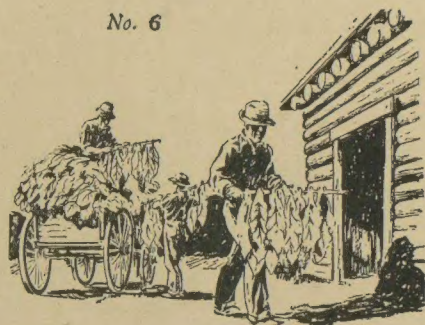
By this process the leaves which remain get all the nourishment, and so it is possible to produce the Rich, Ripe Virginia Leaf which goes to the making of

PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

TOBACCO & CIGARETTES

No. 6



THE leaf is taken straight from the fields to the Curing Barns where it is subjected to great heat up to 220° Fahr. This is to turn the Leaf to that golden brown colour with which we here are most familiar.

It is then sorted into grades according to its colour, size and "body," and the best grades of this Rich, Ripe, Virginia Leaf are used in the making of

PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

TOBACCO & CIGARETTES

It must be Players

1627



A King's Physician

In a vignette of the battle of Edgehill etched by the cheerful Aubrey we see a round-faced, white-haired little man crouching coolly beneath a hedge with two small boys beside him. 'He took out of his pocket a book and read,' writes Aubrey. 'But he had not read very long before a bullet of a great gun grazed on the ground near him, which made him remove his station.'

The small boys were Charles, Prince of Wales, and James, Duke of York; the white-haired little man William Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood.

In the year before the publication of the theory that brought him international fame, John Haig Scotch Whisky was first distilled. It was an age of great achievement. The world-wide reputation enjoyed by John Haig to-day represents an achievement not unworthy of that great age.



By Appointment

John Haig

The Father of all Scotch Whiskies